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**The Grand
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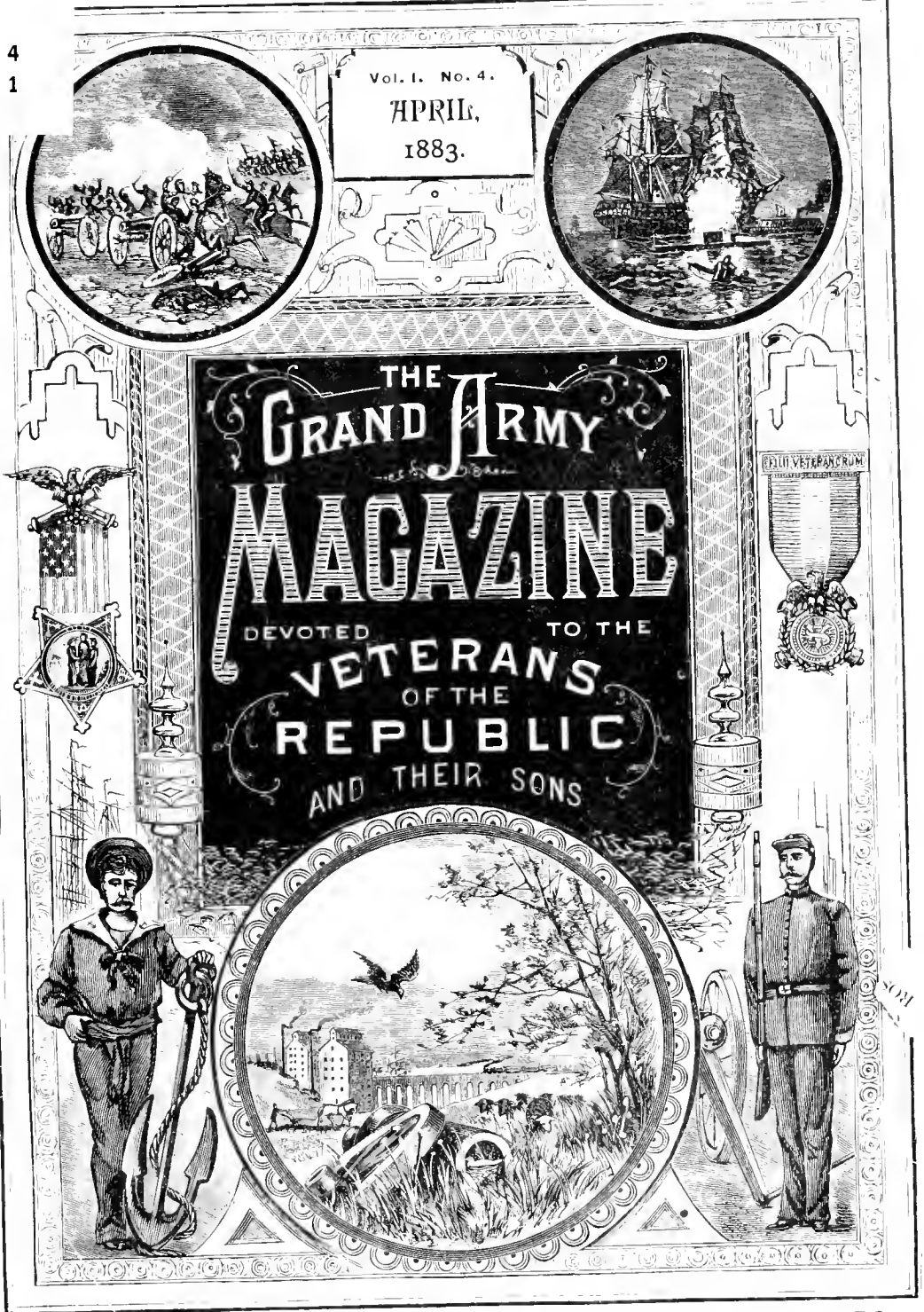
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BY THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., DENVER, COLORADO.

GURLEY BROTHERS,

1¹/₄ TABOR BLOCK,

DENVER, COLORADO.

Have just published a circular containing reliable facts and information concerning Denver; its unparalleled growth, prosperity and advantages, which they will send to any one asking a copy.

The Grand Army Magazine.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, an illustrated periodical, will be issued once a month. Literary contributions and war reminiscences solicited.

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GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE COMPANY,

ROOM 6, BURLINGTON BLOCK, DENVER, COLO.



SPRING

The Grand Army Magazine

APRIL, 1883.

VOL. I.



NO. 4.

Spring.

With such a pretty picture, as an inspiration, one is sorely tempted to write some spring poetry on this page, but spring poets have been brought into disrepute by the funny men of the press and the sordid business interests of life. Spring, joyous spring, is now hailed with delight as the season in which trade brightens up; when plumbers' bills no longer grow longer; when the impecunious young man can safely leave his overcoat with his "uncle;" when the impatient urchin may, with impunity, and his mother's consent, "turn his toes out to grass;" when the prices of butter and eggs come down from their exalted altitude; when a degree of inertness which makes one feel as though he had been born with a chronic case of fatigue, seizes the human system, causing "enterprises of great pith and moment to turn awry and lose the name of action,"—a something which even pervades these comments on spring, and takes away the strength with which it should be infused.

Spring is the season when jowl and greens become the prevailing dish in agricultural districts, and when the agile, and yet stiff-kneed goat, leaves his diet of oyster-cans and broken jugs and discarded boots and rusty wire-skirts in the alley, to nip the budding promise of early marrowfat peas in the garden and cabbage plants in the box on the back porch.

Spring is also the time when ramifying house-cleaning occurs; when carpets are pryed up from their bedding of last winter's accumulations, underneath, of dirt and dust; when the house-wife rageth in flushed and turbaned condition, and the lords of creation satisfy the demands of appetite in the back kitchen, where one leaf of the tea table is turned up and on anything that is possibly, or remotely edible; when the state of domestic affairs is of such tumultuous and revolutionary character that "lodges" increase in number, and profanity becomes alarmingly prevalent, and kind words and tender thoughts sparsely sporadic. The season brings a wish that some urgent call would take one far from the home of his wife and children, and the suddenly grown tyrants of the rear and basement regions, who under ordinary circumstances are sufficiently obsequious or respectful, but who in house-cleaning days grow grossly familiar, importunately forthwith and painfully present.

On the whole, however, spring is a sort of necessary evil of a mitigated character. It is that condition of the seasons which is parallel in numerous ways to youth. It is that sappy time when the young year has begun to show its sprouting and fuzzy beard; when lambs are much larger, like the feet of girls, than when they have become older; when it rapidly outgrows its clothes

and scatters the down of new leaves and the shells of its buds about. Its weather has the effect of creating great changes in all animal and vegetable nature, and in this country even works upon the mineral kingdom. It brings out the verdure of plants, entices loafers to the sunny street-corners, and enlarges the dump of the prospect hole. But in either case a little cold spell will put a sudden stop to any of these performances. Among humanity in general it inspires for one moment a desire to be up and doing, and in another moment it paralyzes the spirit of enterprise with that lazy fever which is intermittently engendered by the genial warmth which comes with spring, a warmth to which flesh must become acclimated before a hope for enduring vigor should be entertained. "Spring-fever" is

something which is most dangerous to weak humanity, and one must keep his wits about him to withstand being entirely overcome by its insidious encroachments. Determined will power will shake it off temporarily, and that power must be exercised until the danger has gone clear into next spring, to lay in ambush for you. Otherwise it will become chronic, and will last all the way through harvest, and seriously affect your income unless you have got something or somebody else to do all your work, while you enjoy a perennial rest.

It was doubtless, or at least probably, spring house-cleaning, or spring-fever, with its *dolce far niente*, that induced some exasperated or lazy poet to write:

"'Tis sweet to die in spring time."

✱ Hon. Aldridge Corder. ✱

During the session of the Fourth General Assembly of the State of Colorado in January and February, 1883, a bill was introduced by Hon. Frank Tilford, appropriating \$21,000 for the purpose of providing for the reception and entertainment of the National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic at its Seventeenth Annual Session in Denver, in 1883. One of the supporters of the measure from the beginning was Hon. Aldridge Corder, State Senator, representing Pueblo county. We produce a most excellent portrait of him on the opposite page, and the following is a biographical sketch:

State Senator Aldridge Corder was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, in the year 1827. He received his education at the academy at Warrentown, Virginia. After graduating from this institution he selected Lexington, Missouri, as a residence and place for business venture. In this city he was engaged in merchandise until the commencement of our civil war, when he enlisted in Colonel Shelby's regiment, and was very soon commissioned as Captain in the Confederate service, and assigned to

duty on Shelby's staff, who, in the meantime, had attained the rank of General.

At the close of the war, he engaged in banking business in Waverly, Lafayette county, Missouri, occupying at first the position of cashier, and afterwards being elected president of the Waverly bank.

In 1875 he removed to Colorado, taking up his residence in Pueblo, going into the wholesale and retail drug business, which is his occupation to-day.

Senator Corder is a Democrat in politics, and has been more or less connected with political movements for a number of years. In the year 1880 he was selected as the nominee of the Democratic party in Pueblo county for State Senator, and was elected. His record in the Legislature of Colorado is among the best, always having been found supporting the wisest measures for the benefit of our State, and never having been known to exhibit that extreme partisan spirit which marks the demagogue common to every political party. From the moment of his first appearance in the State Senate, which has always been overwhelmingly Republican, he has exercised a positive

influence, which has enabled him to accomplish as much for his constituency as any of his colleagues. For the county that honored him with a commission as senator, he has been of great assistance in securing the passage of a bill refunding the water and railway bonds of Pueblo, the county seat, also in securing a large appropriation for the State Insane Asylum, located at Pueblo, and for the general public he has been instrumental in passing acts beneficial to public schools, and looking to the purity of the ballot-box.

His position and vote on the Grand Army bill also had great influence in securing its passage. He said:

"That the Grand Army of the Republic preserved the Union and the integrity of the stars and stripes, and made it possible for Colorado to become a State of that Union, and to receive her great develop-

ment under the blessings of the most profound peace and prosperity; therefore, leaving aside the actual benefit the great re-union of 1883 would be to Colorado financially, if for no other reason than before stated,

he should favor the appropriation, and instead of \$21,000, he would like to make it \$50,000."

In appearance, Senator Corder is large, dignified, and impressive, just such a figure as would naturally be looked for in a body of representatives of the people bearing the title of a senate. He is personally and deservedly popular among all who know him by reason of his social qualities, as well as his finely balanced judgment of men and measures.

At the close of the session of the Fourth General Assembly of the State of Colorado, Governor James B. Grant appointed him as Aide-de-Camp on his staff, with rank of Colonel.



Denver and the Exposition.

"The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the
thoughts
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes."

The grandeur of the enterprise, the result of earnest labor on the part of a few public-spirited citizens headed by W. A. H. Loveland, H. A. W. Tabor, Joseph T. Cornforth and H. D. Perky, will be one of the wonders challenging the admiration of the Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, when

they visit the Denver Exposition building in July next, and within its busy portals while viewing the magnificence of the display in every department, attesting the wonderful development of the western confines of what a little more than a quarter of a century ago was known as the Great American Desert, be informed that the history of the organization of the National Mining and Industrial Exposition Association and the erection of the building was included in a period of less than six months. Reviewers have almost hesitated to give

publicity to this statement, and even residents of Denver who failed to give daily attention to the details of the organization, plans for raising money, and construction and completion of the edifice, were pleasantly surprised when for the first time they witnessed the magnitude of the undertaking and importance of the improvements on the opening day of the Exposition in August last. A resume of the organization will be given briefly in this article.

On January 21, 1882, the election of officers was held, and the destinies of the young association placed in the hands of the following gentlemen, who have the gratification of knowing that every promise published in their programme, issued in the month of April following their election, was literally fulfilled:

H. A. W. Tabor, President; Herman Silver, Vice-President; S. T. Armstrong, Secretary; W. A. H. Loveland, Treasurer; H. D. Perky, General Manager.

These gentlemen served during the year 1882, with the exception of H. D. Perky, who, in the month of June, resigned on account of ill-health and the demands of personal business interests—W. A. H. Loveland succeeding him as General Manager, and Joseph T. Cornforth being elected Treasurer. Following the election of officers the latter part of January, committees were organized to report a plan for raising funds, for the erection of buildings; plans were considered, and the one submitted by Edbrooke & Burnham, architects, was adopted; estimates for the erection of buildings were debated, and finally on the 5th of April, the contract was awarded to E. F. Hallack, a prominent builder of Denver, to construct the main building for the sum of \$135,000. This simply providing the plain structure, without water service, painting, electric lights, elevators, or the many accessories needful to make a complete Exposition building. The contract specified that the building should be ready to receive exhibits on the 15th of July, and notwithstanding an excessive rain fall, covering a period of six weeks, during which time for many days it was necessary to quit work, the structure was completed and the first exhibits placed in the building on the eve of July 14. The corner stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, on the 2nd of

May, Hon. Frederick W. Pitkin, Governor of Colorado, officiating as Master of Ceremonies, the address on that occasion being delivered by Hon. Thomas M. Patterson.

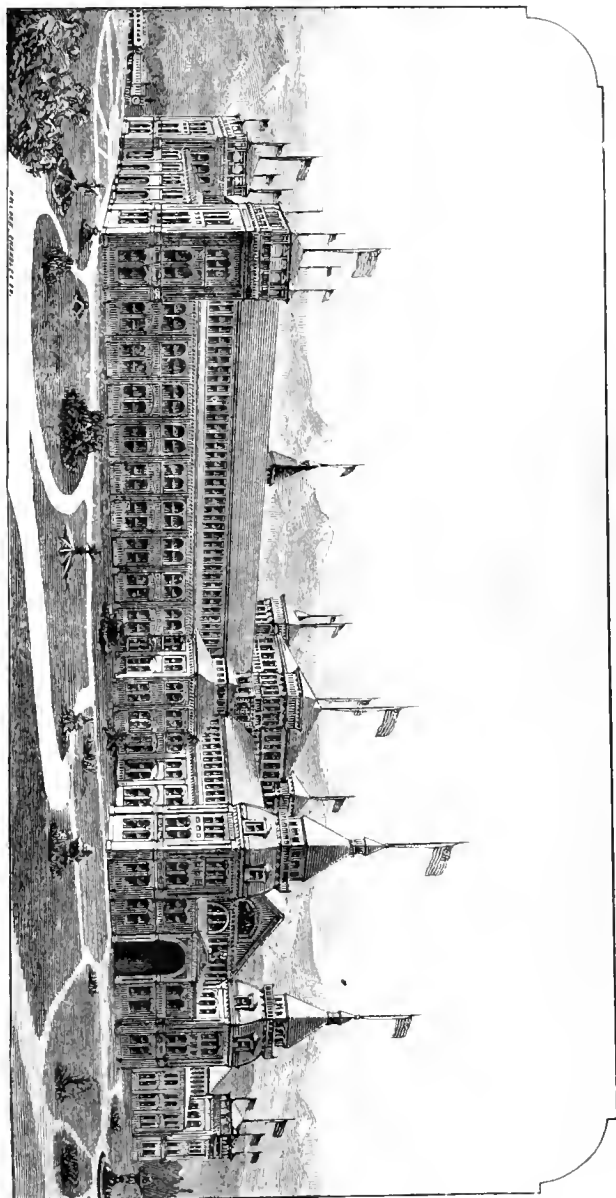
In the month of June it was evident that the main building would not serve to contain the exhibits, and it was determined to build a Machinery Annex, which was also completed on the same day that the main building was accepted from the architect. The purchase of the grounds, construction of buildings, water service, electric lights, boiler-house and boilers, required an outlay of over \$250,000, and in addition to the duties of President, and General Manager, Messrs. Tabor and Loveland displayed their usual ability and generosity in assisting the financial administration of affairs.

The grandeur of the first Exposition has been eulogized by the press throughout the country, and the limit of this article forbids an extended description of the wealth included in the exhibit from the opening day, August 1, until the close of the Exposition on the 1st of October. The opening day was an important epoch in the history of Denver, and the merchants and citizens gave evidence of their appreciation of this fact by suspending business. The Adjutant-General of the State was placed in charge of the parade, and every city of importance in Colorado furnished its quota of citizen-soldiers to do honor to the opening at Colorado's National Mineral Museum—Central, Georgetown, Leadville, Buena Vista, Breckenridge and Colorado Springs were represented in the Colorado National Guard, and an important feature in the display was the participation of the Grand Army of the Republic, under the command of Major-General E. K. Stimson and staff, having in charge A. Lincoln Post No. 8, Denver, General T. F. Brown; James A. Garfield Post No. 9, Leadville, Colonel H. C. Chapin, and a number of visiting veterans who formed in rear of the organized posts.

Twenty-five thousand people assembled to do honor to the occasion, and the Hon. W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, delivered the opening address, and paid tribute to the manifest destiny that is making Denver, verily, the Queen City of the Plains, in the following words:

"The splendors of Palmyra of the desert, pale before a recital of the brief history of

NATIONAL MINING AND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION BUILDING.



Colorado. Ten years ago I spent some weeks traversing your beautiful State, and became familiar with everything of note in Denver, its metropolis, and, as yesterday morning I looked upon the city again, I felt that I could not safely trust my senses. I wondered whether I wasn't under the dominion of magic, and the fairies and genii were playing tricks with my vision."

Scarcely a year will have elapsed ere the doors of the second Exposition will have opened to the public, and the orator of last year would pause in wonder and amazement to find, what was a barren plain one year ago, thickly studded with comfortable cottages, hundreds in number; and the unpretentious business blocks that sufficed for business purposes at that time, replaced by magnificent palaces of brick and stone, four stories in height, furnished with all modern appliances, elevators, electric light and steam-heating registers.

The Exposition benefits Denver, and in proving an advantage to the metropolis of Colorado, its influence for good is also felt in the most remote portion of the State. It not only commends its advantages to the citizens of Arapahoe county, but also directs settlers and prospectors to the counties of Routt, Weld, Las Animas and La Plata. Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming Territories derive vast benefit from Colorado's Exposition, and Dakota, Montana and Idaho Territories, and the mother of the silver mining industry, the State of Nevada, find it advantageous to ship their mineral specimens a thousand miles to attract the attention of Denver visitors.

Professor Clayton, of Utah, Commissioner from that Territory at the Denver Exposition of 1882, in his report to the Governor, says:

"At present, Denver is the only city in the entire mining region that is prepared to receive and sustain a national exhibit of mining industries."

That this is a fact beyond dispute, the eagerness of every State and Territory represented last year, to prepare for the exhibit of 1883, bears abundant testimony; and in advance of the publication of programmes or the mailing of a single application for space to probable exhibitors, inquiries for place within the building come in such a number that the Board of Directors

have in contemplation the erection of a special annex for farm and agricultural implements, carriages, wagons and hardware.

The following eloquent tribute from the pen of the editor of the *Omaha Commercial-Record*, a gentleman who spent ten days at the Exposition, speaks volumes of the enterprise displayed by the management in fulfilling their promises to the public:

"THE EXPOSITION.

"This is a worthy enterprise, and eminently entitled to marked consideration. It is a tangible evidence of the marvelous wealth of the unfolding West. Here under one roof is presented a grand aggregation from the leading staples of twenty of these Western States and Territories, and it is a sight never equalled on this or any other continent. Ores from a thousand mines glitter like the gems of a royal diadem. Refined and base bullion specimens are scattered through the departments like toys in a china shop. All the rich mining districts of the Rocky Mountains are represented. From Alaska to Mexico the field extends. Of course, Colorado is first on the list in quantity. Her principal mining districts loom up in mass and position. Their ores are mountains high. All the mining counties of the State are in the field, and it would be invidious to discriminate. Montana is on hand with shining examples of her valleys and mountains. Her mineral exhibit is an eye-opener. It is the *Golconda* of the Rockies. Arizona shows grandly in silver and gold and copper. Her display is elaborate and costly. Then comes New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, and other States and Territories, rich in mineral and of inexhaustible resources.

"Nebraska, through the Burlington & Missouri and Union Pacific Land Departments, makes a valuable display from the field of her staples. The Burlington & Missouri exhibit is confined exclusively to the State, and is a fair index of her capabilities. Great credit is due the company for the time and money expended in gathering, and the care exercised in arranging and putting up this valuable collection. The products exhibited by the Union Pacific are chiefly from Nebraska, but many of them come from along the lines beyond our borders, Wyoming, Dakota, Oregon and Idaho contributing their quota, therefore, as a

State, we are not entitled to their full credit. The display of Kansas products by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe company, is worthy the great State they represent. These grains and grasses and fruits, are so many examples of the State's intrinsic worth. Let us foster agriculture and feed the world.

"In the Mercantile and Mechanical Departments of the Exposition, are long catalogues of interesting and valuable exhibits. The reader will not expect details in an article of this character, for we might fill a volume with a description of the great bodies of coal, wire silver, silver glance, brittle silver, horn silver, ruby silver, silver blossom, silver buttons and silver bricks, silver monuments, and silver by the cord or by the ton as desired; free gold and wire gold, gold quartz and placer gold, gold bricks worth \$100,000 each, gold retort and gold refined, gold nuggets that dazzle the eyes and tempt the cupidity of men; cups full of gold, and gold looking out through glass jars and nestling in brilliant showcases; free-milling, refractory, sulphuret and chloride ores; ores roasted and ores raw; zinc, antimonial and arsenical ores; ores fat and ores lean; galena and carbonate ores; telluride and steel galena ores; roasting and amalgamating ores; heavy and light galena ores, and so on through a multiplicity of grades and terms too voluminous for anything but a miner's tongue or a geological work.

"*The Art Department* of the Exposition is a prominent feature of the enterprise, and reflects the liberality of the management. It is quite extensive, and contains many rare gems of the photographer's skill, of the easel and the brush, crayons and chromos, and a few brilliant works by the great artists. Taken as a whole, the Exposition is a commendable feature of Western enterprise. It is fully up in point of display to the expectations of its originators."

The second exhibition will be opened to the public on the 17th of July next. The opening address will be delivered by the Hon. Warner Miller, United States Senator from New York. It is more than likely that the representation, in exhibits, from the States and Territories, will be doubled, and instead of twenty, that forty will have space occupied by their local products.

Railroad and express companies have made greatly reduced rates for passengers and freight, and the visitors and members of the Grand Army attending the session of the Grand Encampment at Denver, will add at least 100,000 to the number of Exposition visitors.

The Association has been entirely reorganized, and the Directors for 1883 are H. A. W. Tabor, W. A. H. Loveland, Joseph T. Cornforth, Thomas M. Nichol, T. C. Henry, and Professor J. Alden Smith. The following gentlemen serving as officers: H. A. W. Tabor, President; W. A. H. Loveland, General Manager; Thomas M. Nichol, Secretary; Joseph T. Cornforth, Treasurer; Frank H. Wilson continuing to discharge the duties of Assistant Secretary.

Invitations were forwarded to the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, and the President of the Republic of Mexico, to name representatives from their respective governments, and favorable responses have been received—the subject being referred to the appropriate department in each government for action. The Governors of the several States and Territories of the Union have been notified of their election as Honorary Vice-Presidents, and a few of the responses are given.

Hon. Charles Foster, Ohio:

"It gives me pleasure to accept, and I trust I may be able to assist you."

Hon. Zenas F. Moody, Oregon:

"I have the honor to notify you that I accept with pleasure the position of Vice-President of your association, for the State of Oregon, and that I will be pleased to do anything in my power to further the objects of your association and add to the success of your Second Annual Exposition, soon to take place."

Hon. Robert Lowry, Mississippi:

"It will give me pleasure to cooperate with the National Mining and Industrial Exposition Association. I will at least endeavor to have Mississippi represented by proxy."

Hon. John B. Neil, of Idaho:

"Be pleased to accept my thanks for the information contained in your letter, and in advising you of my acceptance of the position of Honorary Vice-President, permit me to assure you that I shall labor most earnestly to have this Territory make a creditable display at the next Exposition."

Hon. John L. Barstow, of Vermont:

"I shall be most happy to forward the objects of your association by the appointment of a suitable commissioner to excite the interest of the producers of the State, and have a suitable representation of her industries at your next Exposition."

Hon. John Ireland, of Texas:

"The enterprise of the National Mining and Industrial Exposition Association is a laudable one, and no doubt destined to do

much good. It will afford me pleasure to attend its meeting, if in my power to do so, and I shall designate some one to represent this State at the meeting in July."

From every mining State and Territory words of encouragement and promise of representation have been received. The 200,000 feet of space occupied so intelligently in 1882, must be largely increased, and the Exposition and Denver must dwell as a sweet recollection in the minds of all visitors.



Grand Valley.

INSCRIBED TO HON. GEO. A. CRAWFORD.

BY WILLIAM E. FAIRB.

[NOTE.—Walking, in the moonlight, on the banks of Grand river, in the vicinity of Grand Junction, Mesa county, Colorado, a

murmur of sound fell upon my ear. It needed but a slight stretch of fancy to shape the murmurs into words.]

I.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STREAM TO THE DRYAD OF THE WOOD.

What is it, brother? Upon the air
 I hear your murmur at night and noon;
 Is it a trouble I may not share,
 Under the beams of the sun or moon?
 Worlds to their fullness of time have grown,
 Shriveled to atoms, and chaos falls
 Over the space where their light once shone,
 Since we were young in these valley walls;
 What is it, brother? Whisper it low,
 What is abroad on the valley air?
 Born of the shadow, or storm, or snow,
 Is it a sorrow I may not share?

II.

DRYAD TO SPIRIT.

Sweet sister, listen! The years are long
 Since we have reigned in this valley fair;
 You, with your ripple and simple song,
 I, ever wandering here and there;
 Only the Indian's voice was heard
 When nights were warm with the moons of June,
 And his arrow sped to pierce the bird
 That sung to its mate a sweet love tune.
 But now I listen and daily hear
 Another song and another sound;
 What is its meaning, oh! sister dear,
 And what is this tumult all around?

III.

SPIRIT TO DRYAD.

Brother, no longer we reign supreme !

Brother, the silence to sound gives way !

Man is our master — the wood, the stream

Must do his bidding with no delay.

This valley will smile beneath his hand,

And roses bloom where the salt grass grew,

And the sound of singing in the land

Will be sweeter than we ever knew.

The tomahawk to the hoe gives place,

The wild war-whoop to the children's song ;

With the advent of a nobler race

And the coming of a mightier throng.

IV.

DRYAD TO SPIRIT.

But, sister, I hear the woodman's ax,

And the chips lie on the ground like snow ;

The brush heaps burn in the flame like flax,

And I see a stream of water flow

Where water never before has flowed

Since suns set over this western land,

Or moon looked down on this fair abode,

Fair as it came from the maker's hand ;

And I see a city rising here

Where the rivers meet in close embrace,

And a constant noise falls on the ear

With the coming of this busy race.

V.

SPIRIT TO DRYAD.

Yes, brother, the tree by th' ax must fall,

But a fairer one will from it rise ;

Sweet fruits will hang on the garden wall,

And vineyards ripen 'neath sunny skies.

Wherever the water flows will grow

A field of grain giving food for all ;

The bridal of soil with melted snow

Will yield fair fruitage at Nature's call.

And the city rising by the Grand

Will be the home of a thriving race,

And an honor to the guiding hand

That led the way to this Happy Place.

VI.

DRYAD AND SPIRIT [*together*].

Sweet sister—

Dear brother—

Our race is run !

Sweet sister—

Dear brother—

Our task is done ;

OUR WAITING IS OVER, THE VICTORY WON.

And silence, in the place of sound,

Fell, like the moonlight, on the ground.

✱ Sensationalism. ✱

Sensationalism—the desire to say something strange and startling, something that will attract attention and cause talk and wonderment—is the bane of American journalism. An article in a newspaper is hardly considered worthy of attention, and certainly not at all brilliant and dashing, without it violently antagonizes some one, and is written in a style of belligerent personality. The greater the belligerency and the more bitter the personality, as a general thing, the more acceptable the article is to the public, and the more manifest is considered the ability and the brighter the wit of the writer.

There are two kinds of sensationalism in literature and journalism, which may be termed the legitimate and the illegitimate. The first consists of an intense realism—the art of depicting in glowing, yet delicate colors the details and minutiae of every scene or incident described—the power of acutely but truthfully analyzing the emotions, thoughts, words and actions of every person who comes under discussion. Many of the most powerful of the French novelists—notably Alexander Dumas, Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo and Emile Zola—have excelled in this kind of realistic work. The pictures they have drawn from high life and low life, have been truthful and graphic, yet wonderfully attractive and fascinating. There is nothing unnatural or false about them. French journalists have followed the example of French novelists. They are brilliant, witty, humorous, but rarely malicious. The sensational element is almost entirely lacking in English literature and journalism. If sturdy John Bull is without the lightness and vivacity of the Frenchman, he may thank his stars that he is also without the atrocious taste and the barbaric inclination to rend and torture of the American. Our sensationalism is a thing of itself. If it is derived from the French, the evidences of its origin are lost. It would be impossible to imagine an educated Frenchman, or even the mass of

French readers, tolerating, much less admiring, the coarseness, vulgarity and brutality of the American product. Its chief characteristic is a ruthless desire to inflict pain, and a certain class of people enjoy and applaud it on the same principle that a Spaniard enjoys and applauds a bull-fight, and a Cornishman an exhibition in the prize ring.

So far has this infirmity on the part of writers and this bad taste on the part of the public gone, that the editor of most daily newspapers resembles nothing so much as a native of those sun-bright islands of the South Pacific Ocean, who through the combined influence of abnormally developed passions and the powerful stimulation of the ecstatic *hasheesh*, works himself into a frenzy, and thus wild and maddened, *runs-a-muck*, striking at and wounding every one who comes within his reach. In the one instance the crazed Malay strikes with the glittering steel and wounds the body; in the other the journalist strikes as sure and deadly a blow with an *inuendo*, a sarcasm or a suggestion, and blasts and destroys a reputation. Both are indifferent whom they wound or kill. They are actuated by no particular or personal feeling of dislike or hatred toward their victims. In a moral point of view the difference between them is in favor of the heathen. With him reason is overthrown, and he blindly obeys the brute instincts of his nature. With the journalist it is all a matter of custom and of business. The public admires and applauds the clever thrust—as the Roman rabble who witnessed the bloody gladiatorial combats in the Coliseum were wont to shout *hoc habet* and turn down their thumbs—therefore he strikes viciously and home.

A partisan difference of opinion in regard, it may be, to an abstract proposition in general politics, the personal clashing of interests and ambitions growing out of an ephemeral factional fight, a ribald lie from the lips of a self-confessed thief and perjurer—these are sufficient provocations to awaken all the

rancor in the breast of your professional sensationalist, and cause him, like the venomous and hooded cobra, to elevate his crest for battle. He strikes without proof and without warning. His specious theory is, if his victim is wronged and outraged, his feelings lacerated and torn, the sanctity of his family and fireside invaded, his household gods shattered and broken on his hearthstone, he has the privilege of explaining and vindicating himself before his friends and the world. A wonderful privilege, indeed, when he is surrounded on every side by wreck and ruin, his domestic life laid bare to the inspection and sneers of vicious fools, his honor and honesty impeached, his best motives misinterpreted, and his purest actions warped and turned against him. No amount of explanation and vindication can undo the wrong or erase the false impression made from the minds of men. Nor does your sensationalist ever honestly attempt to repair the injury he has done. Possibly the fear of the law may induce him to print a line of qualified retraction as an *amende* for columns of unqualified denunciation and causeless abuse. Farther than this he will not go, nor this far if he can help it. It is accounted an evidence of his skill and ability to so couch his defamation as not to bring him within reach of the law, and of his manhood and courage never to retract.

The style, of course, of your sensational editor must be as peculiar and *outré* as his ethics. Good, plain English—the vernacular of the masters of the language—in which he can state facts clearly and draw conclusions correctly, will not serve his purpose at all. He believes in a brilliant redundancy of words, in paradox, antithesis, strained rhetorical effects, startling and incongruous combinations of thought, surprising and delusive deductions, and attempts to overwhelm and bury his readers beneath a glittering avalanche of nonsense and commonplace. To the dreamy subtlety of De Quincey, he must perforce join the nervous abruptness of Victor Hugo. To the morbid analysis of Poe, the heathenish morality of Swinburne. To the seemingly genial humanity of Faust, the sneering tongue and devilish malignity of Mephistopheles. And all of this to blast the good repute, destroy the usefulness, wreck the peace of mind, and

brand and outlaw the family of some man who has never injured him, who has never committed an act that the laws of his country did not sanction, and toward whom personally he has and can have no really harsh or unkind feeling. Like the military mercenaries and hirelings of former ages, his skill and his pride is to defend without love and to destroy without hate. His reward, like theirs, is a stipend, and the noisy applause of base and worthless men.

Sometimes to vary the monotony, and give greater zest and novelty to the chase, your sensationalists hunt in couples. This is considered a stroke of genius. They then illustrate a cardinal principle in political economy by agreeing upon a division of labor. That is to say, they pursue different lines of attack, but always with a perfect understanding, and always converging to the same point—the degradation and the social and political ostracism of their common victim. One takes the heroic part of Cato, the stern censor, the incorruptible citizen, and the foe to political vice and peculation, and from that lofty eminence deals out his anathemas against every one whom it is made his petty interest to blacken and defame. The other is a sort of Thersites, a bitter, scurrilous knave, full of venomous chatter, but who always has hidden somewhere about his suit of motley, what in mediæval days was pleasantly termed a dagger of mercy, and who never mentions man or woman without leaving as a remembrancer something akin to the kindly token of a scorpion's sting.

This species of journalism, bastard though it be, has two inevitable effects; first, to degrade public life and the public service by making indiscriminate and causeless warfare on every man who happens to be honored with the trust and confidence of his fellow-citizens, or who has an enemy rich enough to pay for setting and keeping the hounds on his track; and, second, to degrade the profession of journalism by prostituting it to such base purposes from such base motives. The public is taught to believe from hearing it constantly reiterated, and day after day and week after week forced upon its attention, that every man who accepts public position is necessarily a scoundrel; that to be a politician is synonymous with being a thief, a coward and a liar;

that such a man so far outlaws himself as to sacrifice the ordinary rights and privileges of humanity; that he may be convicted without evidence and condemned without trial; and that all who are connected with him by blood, by marriage or by the ties of friendship, are placed by that connection under the same ban and bar, and are deserving of the same summary treatment. Now, our opinion of public men, even of professional politicians, is entirely different. Hardly a man seeks official position who does not desire to stand well in the estimation of his fellow-men. He may not always discriminate as closely as he might between the good opinions of good men and the interested opinions of bad men. No men are more sorely tempted than public men, and, we believe, none, as a class, are more generally honest. Certainly they are willing to sacrifice more in time, labor and money, to secure the triumph of the party to which they profess allegiance and of the principles that underlie the party organization, than any other class of men in the community. In short, they are possessed of an innate sense of chivalry which should and does redeem many minor faults.

It cannot be otherwise than detrimental to the public service to harshly prejudice every man connected with it. Office-holders are only ordinary men, affected by the same causes and moved by the same impulses as their fellows. If they get credit for uprightness and integrity, for a determination to perform their duties honestly and conscientiously, they are very apt to make a brave effort to prove worthy of the good opinion of which they are the subjects. If, on the contrary, they find themselves not only objects of suspicion, but openly denounced and branded in advance, associated by implication with disreputable characters in every walk in life, in fact placed in a false and dishonorable position before the community, they are as apt as other men to accept the situation as they find it, and become much worse citizens and

officials than they otherwise would have been.

In what we have said we have referred almost entirely to sensationalism in journalism when applied to public affairs and to public men. A much worse phase of the same evil in the body social is when it is applied, as it continually is, to the affairs of private life, to the domestic circle, and to people who lead quiet, unostentatious lives, and with whose affairs the press and the public have no legitimate concern. The reactionary effect of this meddlesome, intrusive spirit is not less degrading and injurious to the press than to its victims. It is in violation of a perfectly well understood, if not an expressly stated agreement between the public and the press. There is scarcely a newspaper anywhere that is not moved to assure its readers from time to time that it is and will be kept free from personal prejudice and bias, that it will tell the truth, treat all men fairly, and confine itself strictly to the legitimate duties and functions of its sphere. Indeed, the papers that err most grievously and frequently, are the ones that are wont to give the most emphatic assurances to this effect. They feel the necessity of frequent disclaimers and renewed assurances. But the public is not to be deceived for any great length of time. While people applaud the wrong-doing they condemn the wrong-doer. They get first to suspect and then entirely to mistrust any statement on any subject in a paper of this kind. The Darwinian law holds good in journalism. It is the fittest that survive. There may be exceptions to the law, but there are not many. The reputation of telling the truth and of dealing fairly is of greater benefit to a newspaper than to a private individual, because a newspaper exists in a broader blaze of light than an individual. The result is, such papers learn sense as they grow older, and reform, or else wither and droop beneath the suspicion and contempt of the public, until they cease to exist altogether.

J. C. M.



Reconstruction.

"Ah! for the Union to rise as of yore,
 With purple sandals upon her feet,
 And triple crowns on her brow; once more
 To walk with Peace through the long, still street;
 A peace not the scarlet child of the sword,
 But a white, white, womanly thing." His lay
 The poet sang with his heart in the word,
 But the poet never found out the way.

"I would that the South and the North might both
 Look up to a perfect, passionless noon,
 Not bound by the fierce, wide bands of an oath,
 But as May through the jasamines goes on to June,
 Now come up a flower road, each unto each,
 The trumpets grow mute for the viols to play."
 So cried the statesman, his soul in his speech;
 But the statesman never found out the way.

But a boy there was with such throat and face
 As had the magnificent, old Greek gods;
 A girl with pomegranate lips and the grace
 Of the willow's hundred silvery rods.
 The boy looked into the girl's sweet eyes—
 Child he of the blue, child she of the gray—
 The lids drooped, too heavy in Love's surprise.
 Ah! the boy and girl had found out the way.

F. E. S.

The First Opera Troupe in Colorado.

BY A. KAUFMANN.

I.

It was, I believe, in August of 1877, that the Richings-Bernard English Opera Company appeared in Denver. The troupe consisted of some thirty-odd people, of which the following were the principals. Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard, Miss Hattie Moore, Mrs. Henry Drayton, Miss Aimy Phillips, Messrs. Harry Gates, W. A. Morgan, Will Kinross, Joe Dauphin and Frank Howard. The remainder were chorus people and orchestra performers, of which I was the leading violinist. Pierre Bernard

was the conductor. The company had been on the road the season before, doing the Southern States, but was pretty much the same, with but very few changes during the season of '77-78.

I had joined the party in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, where the troupe arrived, having lost its leading violin. I shall pass over the course of the company as it worked westward, until the last stand before reaching Pueblo, which was Dodge City, Kansas.

Dodge City then had the reputation of being the "hardest" place on the American

continent. I think it was fully entitled to that distinction, part of which still clings to it.

In view of the knowledge of Dodge's hard reputation, there was considerable trepidity among the lady members of our company, which feeling—shall I confess it?—was shared by not a few of the men. The fact is, none of us were partial to witnessing the excesses which were known to be frequently perpetrated by the cow-boys and sporting men of that region. However, there was no help for it. We were booked, and we had to stop there.

When we arrived at Dodge, we wondrously looked for the town. Upon inquiry, were told that we were right in it. It consisted of the railway station, a hotel, twenty-five or thirty saloons and dance-houses, two or three stores, and—oh, wonder! a fine brick school-house on a little knoll some two hundred yards from the square of rough board shanties, which constituted Dodge City.

After getting rid of the dust and soot of a twelve-hours' railway trip across the Kansas plains, we took a stroll through *town*, to see the sights. And may be we didn't see them? I will here say to you city people, it makes no difference how much of civilization you have traveled over, if you have never been in a frontier town of the character of Dodge, you have seen only one-half of the United States.

The first group we stumbled up against was composed of a gambler—in shirt sleeves, and broadcloth trousers of wide cut at the knees and very small openings at the feet, boots of finest calf-skin, with a two-inch heel very tapering, a large black, slouch hat, and a solitaire shirt stud in his bosom of the clearest water, worth, I should judge, about \$800,—two cow-boys, veritable walking arsenals,—and a woman, who was known as a *character*, puffing a cigar into the mens' faces.

By the way, for the benefit of those readers who have never seen the Kansas or Texas cow-boy, let me attempt to draw one, as I have two before me now. Tall and lank, or short and thick, as the case may be, he usually sports a gray *sombrero*, with a brim like a Chinese parasol, encircled by a thick gold cord, ending in bobs, buckskin or leather breeches, or leggings, and calico

shirt. This, however, is but the minor portion of his apparel. The main dress consists in two large Colt's six-shooters, a couple of ugly knives, a cartridge belt, weighing about thirty pounds, and a huge bull-whackers whip, or black snake, as it is better known.

We timidly eyed our group and passed on. The saloons were all thrown open, and everywhere we could see games from the innocent "poker," through the entire category, down to the "wheel of fortune."

At one saloon a voice called my name, and looking around I beheld the face of an old acquaintance, whom I should never have recognized but for his face. The dress was a mixture of cow-boy and "sport." He was a Kansas City musician, who *summered* in Dodge, where he entertained the patrons of one of the principal saloons and gambling houses with his violin. He afterwards told me, apologetically, that he "made \$75 per week, and that was better than nothing in Kansas City."

This friend was kind enough to ask us in to "have something." We complied, and for our trouble he volunteered to tell us the history of every man and house we saw in the place.

"That barkeeper," said he, "only two days ago, floored two cow-punchers, from where he is now standing, without moving a muscle of his face. You see they felt funny, and had emptied the barrels of their revolvers just for a lark. You see this ice-box? Here is one hole and here is the other. See that beautiful hole which looks like a sun, in the mirror? that's where another ball went. Another went through that window, and one went into the shoulder of one of the 'dealers.' Well, when Charley got tired of the racket, he just put his hand into the drawer and pulled his gun. In one second those two fellows quit shooting. They carried them both out on a shutter. That's nothing. The table against which you are resting"—turning to me—"was occupied by a party indulging in a quiet game of 'poker,' only last Monday. You see when a man places his 'roll' on the table, he lays his 'shooter' by the side of it."

Here I looked about me and saw five tables engaged, at each of which sat three or more men playing, and on each table lay as many revolvers, ready for use.

"Well," continued our informant, "a dispute arose about a deal and one of the players placed his hand on the 'pot' and the other fellow quietly told him to 'let go,' which was not complied with. The result was an exchange of compliments, and one of the fellows was carried out dead. The other one is lying in the hotel, expecting to 'pass in his chips' every moment. Oh! we have lots of fun here."

This we learned, was only similar to the history of every other house of that character in Dodge.

Well, when evening came, we prepared for the performance. The announcement was "Martha." We learned that the performance was to take place in the school house. Well, we got there, and found the large recitation room converted into a theatre. Just imagine a stage about twelve feet deep doing service for the Fair scene in the second act.

By and by the audience gathered. Well, you can imagine our surprise, when little by little a very respectable audience of some three hundred gathered, among which there were positively about fifty ladies. Where they came from heaven only knows. We of the orchestra, were so crowded that we could hardly move our arms, but the performance gave splendid satisfaction, and although grand opera was a little out of the ordinary run of amusement in Dodge, applause was spontaneous and frequent. Frank Howard as *Lord Tristan*, "caught on immensely," and Mrs. Bernard's singing of "The Last Rose of Summer" really moved some of those rough frontiersmen to tears.

One funny incident of the evening was the crowding forward of a weather-browned and scarred veteran with the following request to me: "Mr. Fiddler, if you'll just play me the 'Arkansaw Traveler' and 'Genral Washinton a-crossin' the Dilaware,' you can call on me for a V." I promised the old fellow that I would play for him a whole hour if he would only wait until the performance was over. He took me at my

word, and stuck to me until I returned to the hotel, where I granted him a "private soiree." I declined the proffered V, but he generously "set 'em up" to the crowd.

On the next day the tribe of Standing Elk's Sioux Indians passed through Dodge on their way to their new reservation, further west, under guidance of a military squad. There were over nine hundred men, women and children, not counting dogs and ponies, of which there were several thousand. It was a rare sight, and worth the trip from the Atlantic seaboard to Kansas, and was thoroughly enjoyed by our entire company.

In the evening we boarded the train for Colorado.

Soon after leaving La Junta our attention was attracted by the outposts of the great "Rockies," the Spanish Peaks, from which time on we curiously watched the growth of the chain, with the "Peaks" in the south and Pike's Peak in the north.

In Pueblo, which was then only a village, we repeated "Martha," and on the following night we performed in Colorado Springs.

Denver was finally reached, and here we remained an entire week. The city had then about 20,000 to 22,000 inhabitants, but opera was an entirely new feature in amusements, and the weeks' business was a very large one. We played at Guards Hall, under the management of Mr. Nick Forrester. The repertorie consisted of "Martha," "Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Figaro's Wedding" and "Trovatore." We closed the weeks' performances with a very largely attended concert in West Denver Turner Hall.

It was during that period that I formed so many pleasant acquaintances in Denver, which to further cultivate, it has become my privilege and pleasure since. It was then also that I had the pleasure of having Mr. Fritz Thiess occupy the next chair to me in the orchestra, to aid me in my work, and I confess Mr. Thiess' violin was a very desirable addition during our Denver engagement.



❖ Top and Bottom. ❖

The old soldiers of the east who have never visited the grand State of Colorado—a development of our empire which their victories in war made possible—will not be able to anticipate, even indifferently, the pleasing sights which they are to behold when they come to visit this “little sister” in the Republic, next July.

Words and pictures even fail to give the imagination sufficient scope and penetration. For, aside from the smiling fields of agriculture that now dot the erstwhile weary desert, the towns and villages which bespangle the plains, and the noble city of Denver which is the wonder of the west, they will have opportunities for rides on the rail among the mighty mountains whose summits have been snow-bonneted since first they began to flout the ether blue and tower together. These rides will take them through the rock-ribbed canons where massive



walls loom on either side, leaving only a streak of day between the parallel lines which mark their giddy heights, and the rides will meander, and turn, and curve among the monarchs of the Rockies until, from along the frowning sides of the awful hills, the passenger may look down into the

great chasms, and around and about amid scenes that would dispel whatever ideas he may have entertained of that unspeakable chaos which held its silent and solemn sway before the world had felt an awakening at the fiat of Jehovah.

The excursions to be given will lead among hundreds of attractive and pleasure-giving places which would take a vast volume to describe, but of those which most prominently present themselves are the scenes about Manitou and Pike's Peak, from the Valley of the Fontainequi-Bouille up to the Cave of the Winds; the Seven Falls in Cheyenne Canon; through the Garden of the Gods and Monument Park to Glen Eyrie and Blair Athol; further south, and then west, beyond Pueblo and Canon City, Grape Creek Canon, through which a railway leads to the rich Wet Mountain Valley. On another branch from Canon City the iron horse plunges through the Royal Gorge, a mass of grandeur which the pens of gifted tourists have failed to do more than cast a taper light upon. Through Poncho Pass, whose lesser glories lead up to the grand surprises of Marshall Pass, as an introductory symphony leads up to the

triumphant music of a majestic march, the buzzing train makes its way. Gradually the view becomes less obstructed by mountain sides and the eye roams over miles of cone-shaped summits. The timberless tops of towering ranges show the tourist that he is among the heights and in a region familiar with the clouds. Then he beholds, stretching away to the left, the most perfect of all the Sierras. The sunlight falls with a white, transfiguring radiance upon the snow-bound spires of the Sangre de Cristo range. Their sharp and dazzling pyramids, which near at hand are clearly defined, extend to the southward until cloud, and sky, and snowy peak commingle and form a vague and bewildering vision. To the right towers the fire-scarred front of old Ouray, gloomy and grand, solitary and forbidding. Ouray holds the pass, standing sentinel at the rocky gateway to the fertile Gunnison. Slowly the steeps are conquered until at last the train halts upon the summit of Marshall Pass. The throbbing silence of a storm-tossed granite ocean lies beneath. The traveler looks down upon four lines of road, terrace beyond terrace, the last so far below as to be quite indistinct to view. These are only loops of the almost spiral pathway of descent. Wonder at the triumphs of engineering skill is strangely mingled with feelings of awe and admiration at the stupendous grandeur of the

scene. Twin Lakes, near the magic city of Leadville, Fremont and Veta Passes, Wagon Wheel Gap, Toltec Gorge, the wonder-inspiring Mount of the Holy Cross, are in this region. Further north, trains run from Denver up the valley of the Platte and into the Platte Canon, emerging where beautiful and verdant parks are configured like vast amphitheatres surrounded by mountain chains.

Another railroad from Denver leads to Golden City, and thence through the cool delights and glorious scenery of Clear Creek Canon to Idaho Springs, a pleasant watering place, and up to Georgetown and its many surrounding grand views. Other roads lead from the Queen City of the Plains to Boulder and the new mining camp of Jamestown, and to Longmont and Estes Park, and to Fort Collins and Greeley, which last is a garden spot that shows what can be made of the "Great American Desert" in an agricultural and horticultural way.

It would take a never-tiring pen, a never-aching back, all the unabridged dictionaries, the contents of more than one thesaurus, and vast volumes of description, to tell of the joys to the nature-loving tourist which Colorado affords, and then the work would be only touched upon. But it delights us to give our Comrades of the Grand Army a hint of what lies before them at the next national reunion.

❖ ————— ❖

❖ A. Welcome. ❖

Far in the Sunny South she lingers,
 Yet slowly comes along,
 With fairy garlands in her fingers,
 With snatches of sweet song.
 Her eyes with promises are beaming,
 Her smiles will rapture bring,
 The sunlight from her hair is streaming—
 Thrice welcome, lovely Spring!

She brings us gifts, the royal maiden,
 Fair flowers to deck the hills;
 With primroses her arms are laden,
 Bluebells and daffodils.
 Pale crocuses have come before her,
 Wild birds her welcome sing;
 Ten thousand longing hearts adore her—
 The gray world's darling, Spring.

Acting the Fool.

When a person for whom we have no respect acts or talks wildly and irrationally we are apt to say that he is a fool, and when one for whom we have respect does the same thing we say that he is acting like a fool. In either case we mean to express our disapprobation of his conduct, and to intimate in the strongest manner that he might be better engaged. In other words, to be a fool or to act like a fool is usually considered the acme of weakness. Is it so? Possibly to be a fool—an absolute, unqualified, upright, downright fool—a tried and convicted fool—may logically carry with it the idea of fatal emptiness of head—but is it always and necessarily an evidence of mental weakness to act like a fool? We think not. It would probably be too much to say that folly, or the capacity, and frequently the inclination, to act and talk foolishly, are constituent elements of human greatness; but if they are not, they serve admirably to reinforce it and by contrast to show it in a most brilliant and vivid light. It is quite certain that those persons whom the world agrees to call great have cultivated the infirmity, if it be such, to a wonderful extent, and practically with wonderful effect.

A great man's folly, real or assumed, is the principal tie that binds him to the rest of humanity. The instruments with which he works are his fellow men. The greatest general that ever devastated the earth and peopled graveyards, would amount to but little, even in a bad way, if he could not move other men to foolishly become the instruments of his power and do the work of devastation and murder that he plans. To make them fools, he must put himself *en rapport* with them by himself being or pretending to be a fool. He must profess to believe in things that he knows to be fictions and delusions. He must invest political epigrams and strange war cries with the force of principles. He must imagine insults and make quarrels where there are none. He must do more. He must descend occasionally to the level of his lowest sol-

dier. Sometimes he must be foolhardy in the field, like the first Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi. Sometimes he must act the buffoon and sometimes the madman in the cabinet, like the same great man in his famous interview with the Pope. In short, he must understand the springs and impulses by which men are moved, and know how to play upon them; for as England's noblest poet, himself as mad as the best or the worst of them, has said:

“This makes the madmen who have made
men mad

By their contagion! Conquerors and
kings,

Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet
things

Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
springs,

And are themselves the fools to those they
fool.”

Alexander, the Macedonian, was acting the fool with a vengeance, when he permitted himself, in a moment of rage, to transfix his friend Clitus with a spear, and when in an amorous fit and at the instance of Thais he burned the splendid city of Persepolis. Julius Cæsar played it well when he laid aside the cares of state and the imperial honors of dictatorship to dance attendance on Cleopatra. But having shown himself the most magnificent of lovers, as he had before shown himself the greatest of generals and the most comprehensive of statesmen, he was content to return to Rome and resume the mastership of the world. Not so Marc Antony. He was a fool in earnest. Infatuated and bewildered by the fascinations of the beautiful Serpent of the Nile, he forgot manhood and empire, and fell an easy victim to the wily machinations of the cold-blooded politician, Augustus Cæsar, and his council of epicene advisers.

In more modern times the sturdy and impassive Cromwell knew well how on

occasion to talk or write a jargon, a rignarole, which the most acute of men could make neither head nor tail of, and in his short sayings to his soldiers to mix in admirable proportions the canting morality of the Puritan with the grim experience he had gained as a commander of horse in the Roundhead army. It is accounted an hereditary national right of all Frenchmen of distinction to act the fool largely and enthusiastically—all except the present chief magistrate of the republic, who is an automatic nonentity, without vitality and character enough to appreciate and exercise the privileges of his position. Witness the antics of Voltaire, the craziness of Mirabeau, the effeminacy of Lamartine and the communism of Victor Hugo—all *roles* assumed and acted for a purpose. But of all literary men for acting the fool grandly and magnificently, commend us to the good Lord Byron. Take him, for instance, when in the height of his fame, a married bachelor, a wifeless husband, an exile through the force of popular opinion from his native land, his name darkened by the shadows of a thousand scandals, he stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, a palace and a prison on each hand, literally *devilish* handsome, "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection," yet the blazing comet of the literary sky, and at once the envy and the target of every other man of letters in the universe. His poetry was splendid; so was his capacity for acting the fool.

The United States, though young in years as a nation, has produced some notable instances of great men in politics and literature, who did not object now and then to relaxing themselves from their arduous labors with a little wholesome folly. From patriotic and reverential considerations we omit all mention of the Fathers of the Republic. We can make a very respectable showing without them. There is Andrew Jackson, the organizer and oracle of modern Democracy, and, to tell the truth, one of the greatest men the country ever produced, who understood the art as by an inspiration of genius. Whether as soldier or politician—shooting Dickinson, or proposing to shoot some one else—threatening to hang Calhoun and Southern tariff nullifiers, or Nick Biddle and Northern bank nullifiers—cursing Adams and Clay, or being cursed

by them—assaulting the French minister with a chair, or being assaulted by Lieutenant Randolph—defending, pistol in hand, the memory of his dead wife, or bursting up his cabinet because proper respect was not shown to Mrs. Eaton—he kept something more than half the people of the United States engaged in pacifying him, soothing him, begging him not to become excited and violent, and yielding all the time in everything to the dictates of his fierce and arbitrary will. His contemporaries and opponents, each in his way, did something in the same line of business—Harry of the West, the God-like Daniel, Old Bullion, Randolph of Roanoke, all except Calhoun, who was a model of propriety during his life and concerning whom scarcely a decent word has been spoken since his death. So much for not understanding human nature.

Edgar A. Poe overplayed the limit, and did not live long enough to find out whether he had won or lost. His memory and his reputation, however, have grown continually brighter year by year. He has come to be regarded as the first of American poets. Half of his increasing reputation is owing to the popular belief that his excesses were the legitimate result of the poetic temperament highly developed. Living, he could hardly get his productions printed in a respectable magazine. They were most of them given to the public in the ephemeral and fugitive form of newspaper contributions. Dead, he has become a star of the first magnitude. Horace Greeley, in his way, was a bright example of what a little judiciously applied folly can do to advance a man's interests and reputation among men. He was without doubt the most thoroughly equipped journalist that ever lived in this or any other country. He not only built up a great newspaper, but through it organized and led to victory a party that effected as radical and far-reaching a revolution as the world has ever seen. He was the life and soul of the Republican party during the earlier and more vigorous years of its existence; and directly through his agency as the inspiration of that party the whole social, political and industrial aspect of the continent was changed. The labors incident to this work did not occupy him so entirely, however, but he found time, in the peaceful pauses between political campaigns,

to advocate Fourierism, Grahamism, Woman's Rights, Free Love and every other monstrous absurdity that chanced to come in his way. In derision his contemporaries called him the Philosopher, but in good earnest he proved his right to the name and the distinction later in life. Hawthorne, though the most charming of story writers, did not understand or ignored this phase of human nature, and as a consequence his writings have never attained anything like the popularity they deserve.

Is not this so? If not, why do the mass of readers of a man's life or his works want to know all about his private and domestic affairs? After the historian in his stately and philosophical way has told his tale, informing us what the personages who march with imposing presence through his narrative did in their public capacity—what battles they fought and won or lost, what dynasties they founded or overthrew, what statesman-like policy they inaugurated, what social reforms they effected, or what speeches they made or books they wrote—we turn naturally to biographies, memoirs and other records of a personal nature, to learn the details and secrets of the lives of these statuesque but lifeless figures of history. And therein lies the charm and fascination of the pages of Plutarch. It is admitted that he is an incorrect and prejudiced historian; still nine-tenths of mankind get their ideas of ancient history from him; because the men whom he describes are not elaborately wrought effigies, as cold as marble and as soulless; but living, breathing, acting and erring human beings; great in intellect and splendid in power of will it may be, but instinct with the passions and infirmities of our common nature.

The opportunities for acting the fool to advantage in private and social life are innumerable, and there are many persons who avail themselves of them to a great and sometimes an alarming extent. Every man and woman who has a hobby, and is in the habit of riding it full-tilt through society, is engaged in acting the fool, with the hope of attracting attention to him or herself. This class embraces religionists and moralists as well as reprobates and common sinners—the curled darlings of the gilded salons of fashion as well as the rejected and the wanderers in outer darkness. The intention is

the same and springs from the same source. It is thinly disguised personal vanity. In the every day practical transactions of life, we find but little difference between the moral and the immoral—the good and the bad. It is only when we come to the theory of the thing—the matter of words and pretensions—that the difference between them becomes manifest. According to theory and the talk of moralists, a member of the church is *prima facie* a good man and worthy of all confidence, and a gambler is a bad man and should be avoided. Practically, the gambler's word is as good as his bond, and the church member's bond is worthless without it is well secured. Each accepts his part, and for effect both the good man and the bad man magnifies his reputation. According to their talk the good man is very good and the bad man very bad. They are both extremists—are both acting the fool—for a purpose. A modestly honest and modestly good man is a social phenomenon almost as rare as a modestly dishonest and modestly bad man. The lines of the great Satirist are worth recalling:

"Virtue, I grant you, is an idle boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?"

There are, of course, some situations in life in which the temptation is great and we might say the necessity imperative to act the fool. For instance, the life and calling of an active, practical politician. Who can imagine in this day and generation any man successfully holding his own in the mad rush and struggle for political position and power, who is level-headed, sensible and moderate? To commend himself to the popular sovereigns he must be erratic, full of vagaries, balancing perpetually on the extreme verge of social propriety, ready one moment to exalt his party to the skies, and the next to rebel against it and defy its authority, never more than half a gentleman, and always with a thorough understanding of the slang inquiry: "What's the use of being a fellow, if you are not a h—ll of a fellow?" Vague traditions come to us of a time indefinitely anterior to the present, when it was not incumbent on a public man to sacrifice his self-respect and decency of deportment in order to be successful. But such traditions are like the prophecies of

the coming of the millenium; they imply an absolute and radical change in human nature; and we believe in one as little as we do in the other.

There are different ways of acting the fool, as there are different classes and styles of men and women. Professional men have one way; but the lawyer differs from the doctor, and the preacher differs from both. There are philosophical fools and simple fools. Lettered fools and unlettered fools. Aesthetic fools and common-place fools. Fools of men, long-haired and frowsy, who look as though they were weighted down with a new dispensation for the redemption of the world, but whose only ambition is to be like or to be women; and fools of women, short-haired and soured, blind to the predominant power that attaches to their sphere in life when they choose to act in it, who must perforce seek to reverse the ordinances of God and nature, and try to make men of themselves. The one class would be women, without anything of the purity, the tact, the infinite grace, and the quick intuitive perception of women, when they are worthy of the name; and the other class would be men, without anything of the strength, the hardness, the brute courage, and the slow-moving, hard-headed logic that would fit them to do men's work. Some one should find out some other way for such people to make themselves conspicuous and notorious, without thus defiantly flying in the face of Providence. They belong by nature and instinct to the race of what are called distinctively reformers. Their business, as they understand it, is to unsettle everything that is settled, to substitute discord for harmony, disorder for order, the confusion of chaos for the certainty of law, and to turn the social system of the world generally upside down.

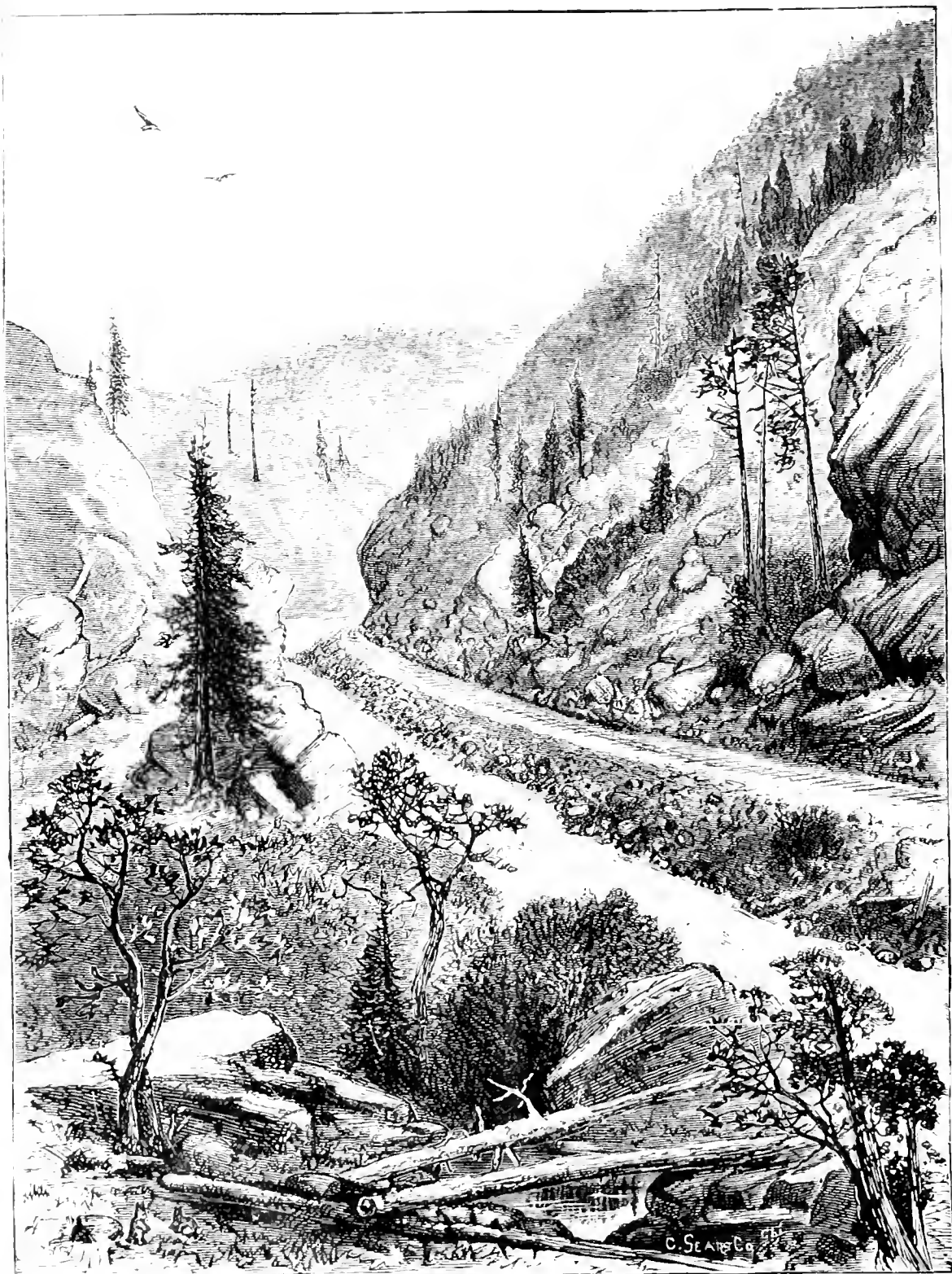
A good place in a small way to observe

the different penchants of different people for acting the fool is the advertising department of a newspaper. Men who are as prosaic as the multiplication table must needs parade themselves and their business in the coquetry of what they are pleased to think is poetry; dullards must be witty; solemn prigs make buffoons of themselves, and those who are immortally homely must, forsooth, shock those whom they would allure by presenting rough wood-cuts of their own ugly mugs. The thing by some sort of unintelligible law goes by contraries. But, for that matter, so does human nature.

To fully appreciate the advantages we have been enumerating, it is only necessary to recall or imagine some man who is thoroughly honest, thoroughly sensible, thoroughly modest and thoroughly amiable—a child of nature as it were—and then reflect for a moment upon what he must experience and suffer in his pilgrimage through life and society. To draw it mildly, such a man is fleeced by scoundrels, condemned by hypocrites, snubbed by simpletons and made a convenience of by everybody. No one attaches any importance to what he says, credits his integrity, considers his comfort, or thinks of him otherwise than as such a natural and inevitable fool that he cannot contrive and act a part. He is nothing—nobody. He is an unmasked spectator among a band of maskers, and must submit to be mocked at, chattered at and grinned at by all the motley crowd, the identity of each one of whom is carefully concealed. He is a general servant—an universal valet. His part is like that of Jacques in the play, and whoever attempts that part will always find some burly and swaggering Robert Macaire ready to bully and kick him until life becomes a burden and a calamity.

J. C. M.





FLATHEAD MOUNTAINS, SOUTHERN PARK DIVISION, M. T. R.

* The Union of the Flags. *

The stripes and stars, and stars and bars,
 In union now we see;
 No flag of North, no flag of South,
 But flag of liberty.
 The tattered rags of glorious flags,
 Joined now in one, 'tis well;
 Let conflict cease, there is release
 Of war and warlike spell.
 The iron North, the golden South,
 One home, one land, 'tis just;
 The cannon's mouth—may 't never speak,
 May sword in scabbard rust.
 The flowers of spring in tribute bring,
 We'll lay upon the grave,
 Where sleep the gray, where sleep the blue,
 Where sleep a nation's brave.

Utica, N. Y.

H. S. K.

* Hospital Reminiscences. *

It had been a fine church in ante-bellum days, consecrated to saving sick souls; and the auditorium made a beautiful hospital ward now, where broken and ailing bodies were cared for. The chandeliers and the grand organ were the only original furnishings left. Every night the former lighted up long rows of white cots in which lay gray veterans and beardless boys as well as those whose years made them the bone and sinew of the army. At rare intervals the organ was "waked up" as "the boys" called it, and gave an accompaniment to the song in which every convalescent joined, leaning on his elbow, "Just before the battle, mother," or with a little hidden pathos of old times, recalled its own past and dimmed the soldiers eyes with "Rock of ages cleft for me."

One rainy Sunday afternoon, when only the brightest of the men could keep from showing homesick blues, a passing officer,

attracted by hearing the organ, came in and added enthusiasm and a full baritone voice. I'm sure a hundred men will remember to their dying day what a change came over them as they listened to the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and how they felt that after all they were enlisted in a grand cause (though they must themselves stop by the way to rest), and that God would bring victory to the right, as the echoes of "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," rolled away through the galleries and into every dim corner of the building.

It was a little world within itself, that hospital ward. It would be difficult to find a type of man not represented there; but no visitor, certainly no constant attendant could fail to observe in how great a majority were the patient and the brave. Among several thousand with whom I was familiar in that house, I recall only one wounded man who was unreconciled to his fate.

This was an elderly German, who, with his regiment, had served out his first term and was returning from New York as veteran, clothed in honors and new uniform, when a flight of steps gave way under a squad of men, and he was laid up with a painful broken ankle, from which it was feared the foot would have to be amputated. The great man fairly cried aloud.

"Do you think I'd mind it," said he, scrubbing up his face with a sanitary commission handkerchief, "if I'd lost a foot in real service? Not a bit. But after I've been in five different battles and more *squirmishes* than I could tell you about in a week, and come out without a scratch, to have them old barrack stairs lay me up and threaten to"—the little cotton handkerchief got all there was left of the sentence. The men who lay nearest and who heard the story gave significant nods and tried to look incredulous, but in their hearts they felt the same, every one of them.

We found sometimes that heroism was shared by others than the soldiers. At the right of the broad aisle in the body of the house, just where the family of General Andrew Jackson had once owned their exclusive church pew, was Jamie's cot. He had lain many weeks from the result of a gunshot wound received at Chattanooga, and an older and less buoyant man would probably have died. He was more than resigned. You had but to smile at him to make him happy.

One winter morning as the noiseless doors shut me into ward 1, and my eyes swept over the room, I could hardly credit my senses. The long rows of cots were there, trim and white. The usual hundred pairs of eyes turned to give me morning greeting. The customary nurses moved about, each one trying to make his slippers stiller than the others. But by Jamie's cot there sat a smooth faced old lady in full bordered white cap, spectacles and checked apron, knitting as contentedly and looking around about her as placidly as if this was

her own chimney corner. To those men, many of whom had bidden their own mothers good-bye two years or more before, and some of whom had not spoken to a woman, except the hospital matron, for months, she was the very vision of peace.

Soldiers love to tell good news. A dozen times before I reached the center of the ward I was told, "Bed seventy-one's mother's come, mum," or "Is n't that chap in luck now? That's good for sore eyes, that is!" As Jamie introduced me to his mother, in a voice quivering with happiness, I could see the source of his patience and cheerfulness in the fresh Scotch face and clear blue eyes before me.

Day after day she kept her watch by the convalescing boy. Not a ruffle of discontent came over her face. She knew how to wait. The soldiers watched her, smiling and knitting, and dreamed of their own homes and newly resolved to keep themselves worthy of them. One could not tell which was the happier when Jamie first set up in his cot with his devoted mother for a prop.

One afternoon she crossed the crowded muddy street and climbed the three flights of stairs to my room to say good-bye. Jamie's furlough was through, and the next train was to take them towards their northern home. I wanted to know more of them, and asked of the rest of the family. There was no need of restraint now, and the tears came. Then the noble woman told me how the only other son fell in the same battle where Jamie was wounded—fell dead. And how Jamie, carried senseless off the field, knew nothing of his brother's fate, and she had all these days refrained from telling him.

"It'll be easier for the puir bairn to hear it when he gets safely hame," she said.

An hour later, when I took Jamie's hand at parting, the mother's voice was as glad as though no sobbing minor undertone lay just beneath.

M. J. T.



❀ A. Cataleptic. ❀

"Won't you please come in, sir? A young man has killed himself in my house; I've sent for the officers; I'd take it a great favor if you'd come in."

I was on the way to my office. The air was full of the snap and crispiness of a clear October morning, and I was walking briskly. I had reached the pavement in front of a small brick cottage when these words arrested my steps. It was a very small cottage, built of very red brick and with very white doors and shutters. The brass knob and knocker on the front door shone with a dazzling brilliancy in the morning sun. A narrow walk of shells and pebbles led from the street gate to the house, which stood not more than twenty feet back from the public pavement. On both sides of the shell walk the ground was laid out in flower beds. Only the very smallest kinds of plants bloomed there—indeed, the house, walk, garden and all were almost in miniature. I had often wondered how this snug little cottage with its prim surroundings had escaped the clutch of the speculators, who, had they secured it, would have torn it down and erected on its site a big modern structure, like those which towered high above it on either side. Almost as often as I had looked toward the house in passing I had seen a fat little old lady with gold spectacles on her nose hovering over the flowers like an exaggerated beetle. I had never presumed to flirt with this old lady, and yet I felt that I knew her as well as though I had sat down and talked to her about her shining brass work on the door, which I instinctively felt she was proud of, and about her flowers, which I could see she loved.

This morning she was standing at the gate. Her face was as pale as anything that is naturally red can be made, and there was a scared look in it that was almost comical.

"Young man killed himself?" I echoed, questioningly, as if I had not understood what she had said, at the same time opening

the little gate and following her into the house.

"Yes," she said, shaking her head most woefully, as she moved with a duck-like motion into the sitting room, which was even trimmer than the exterior—"Yes, poor young man. I never could understand him, though I never did think he would come to this—and he didn't pay his rent like he should—he owed me for two months—but the Lord knows I don't hold that agin him. I was afeared to be in the house all alone with him—though goodness knows if he wasn't dead all night while I went on sleepin' as though nothin' was the matter—suicide's an awful thing, ain't it? That's why I took the liberty o' callin' you in. We're all born, but we ain't buried. Who'd a thought such a tragedy would ever a happened in my own house?"

"Where is the body?" I asked. I was somewhat amused at the old lady's voluble manner of expressing the strange commingling of fright, benevolence, sympathy and philosophy which was working in her warm little heart and showed itself in the lines around her eyes, which the glasses in the gold rims seemed to magnify into deep furrows. But the place and the circumstances did not warrant one to encourage amusement.

"He's in there on the bed," said she; "I can't bear the thought of how he looked when I went in there; but you may go in if you want to." She pointed to a door which led to a room to the right of the one in which we were standing.

I opened it and entered the room. A thin, white face with dark hair clustering over a broad brow lay on the pillow. It seemed to be looking at the joyous sunlight which rushed in through the window and lingered caressingly on the hand of the boy—he was nothing but a lad—which was hanging over the side of the old-fashioned bedstead. But no matter how ardently the sun might kiss those slender fingers, it could not drive the cold out of them. On a small

table which stood immediately at the side of the head of the bed was a small phial. It was half full of sulphate of morphia. A glass containing a sedimentary deposit of whitish color stood on the edge of the table nearest where the dead boy lay. "The coroner won't have much trouble in finding out how the poor fellow died," I said to myself, as I looked from the glass and morphia bottle to the face of the young suicide. He could not have been more than twenty-two years old. He had a classic face. The nose was straight and delicately moulded; the mouth was rather large, but the lips were thin, and even in the rigidity of death had an expression of tenderness. While I was looking at the face of the dead lad my eye fell on a book which was lying on the bed between the body and the wall. I reached over and picked it up. It was an ordinary account book, such as are used in stores to enter small sales in. I opened it with interest. As I had supposed, it was the dead boy's journal. Twenty pages or more had been written on. I looked at the last entry. It bore the date of the day previous. This is what I read:

"Life is incomprehensible. If death ends all I shall be better off, because I shall sleep in oblivion. If death be but the darkness preceding a fairer dawn, I shall have gained by the rising of the new sun. I shall be happier either way. God forgive me if I do wrong."

This entry was in pencil; all the others were in ink. The reading of these few lines had increased the interest I had felt from the first in this lad with the Greek face. What had driven him to so desperate an act? Perhaps the journal would tell. Re-entering the sitting-room where the good woman of the house was surging violently in a small rocking chair, which seemed about to break under the weight and strain, I asked her if I might take the diary home with me, promising to return it in a few days. She readily consented. The coroner and a police officer arrived a few moments later, and I took my departure with the book concealed under my coat, to keep it from the eyes of the coroner. He would have commanded me to give it up, on general principles—and very rightly, too, I suppose. That evening I opened the journal at the first page. The first entry was dated about

three months back. Follow the lines, scratched in an odd, delicate chirography:

"July 10—I wonder if in this great universe there is a heart that could look into mine and read it, understand its longings, its tempests of doubt and perplexity, its ambition and intense yearning for something, which, though it is longed for, cannot be defined? I doubt if there is. Is there another being like me—or, in truth, am I so unlike the rest of the world as I think? Is it not that while I am *almost* like everyone else, yet I lack something which everyone else has? If so, what is this something which I lack, the possession of which would make me like other people? Then again, are not the intense longings—for what, I know not—in reality weaknesses? If they are not, why then do I not know what it is that I long for? Perhaps other people have the same longings and cravings. If they have, they must either be able to satisfy them, or drive them out of their hearts. I know men who say they believe that in order to be happy they must be honest—I use the word as a synonyme for all that is good—honest in thought and deed. And yet, when I have told them of some of the thoughts that have arisen in me, they have laughed at me, and said that it was no use bothering one's head about such vague things. It's all very well to say be honest, but how can we be honest? You meet a man whom the world calls honest, and a Christian, yet there is something in his face, or in the thoughts he utters, that makes you suspect him. You doubt his sincerity, and cannot reconcile some action or word—perhaps very trivial—with the estimate which the world has put upon his character. And how can you be honest with that man from that time on? You cannot show him all there is in your heart; tell him you do not trust him, and admit in the same breath that you know of no convincing reason why you should not! Yet you cannot desert him, because your own conscience will whisper that you may be doing a great injustice to a man who, perhaps, loves you, and may be worthy of the love you would like to give him. Besides, if you are to shun everyone whom you cannot read as if his thoughts and intents were like an open book, you will most certainly be alone in the world. Oh, this sus-

picion! It is the curse of my life. No; why should I say that, for, even though I did not suspect a man, I would at times have a feeling of repulsion for him that would be worse than the suspicion—or perhaps I could not understand his motives! Ah, that's it! This it is that is the curse of my life—the haunting craving to know why a man smiles when I expect him to be grave, or why he is sober when I expect him to smile, or why I get coldness where I look for sympathy. Oh! why can I not read other men's thoughts as well as my own! Pshaw! This is weakness. Why should I sorrow because I cannot read the thoughts and motives of others, when at times I cannot comprehend my own? The times are all right, and the men are all right. It is I who am out of joint; and yet am I to blame? Who can well up the streams of his soul? If my soul cry, can I smother it? I am like a dove among a lot of eagles. That simile is enough to make even me laugh; it's sublimely absurd; and yet I am very, very miserable.

"July 25—I have at last got work. For the past two weeks I have been too blue to write my thoughts, which have been very gloomy. From this hour on I am going to make a great effort to be like the rest of the world. Why should I be unlike other people? I am of the same pattern, physically, as all of them, and I doubt if the most skillful anatomist could find a perceptible difference in kind in any part of my composition as compared with that of that butcher's boy who just now jumped from his wagon across the street. I have been hypochondriacal, and if I were a woman would have been in a continual fit of hysterics long before this. I will take long walks, run, leap and laugh—do anything to jump out of the old self that has been making me miserable. There may be something in what the psychologists say—that it is the condition of a man's mind that makes him sick or well, happy or unhappy, and that will power can do everything except restore life. I never stopped to think whether I had any will power or not, but I suppose I must have some of it. I will think less, but when I do think I will use what little will I have to make my thoughts pleasant ones. I'll see what hard work can do for me.

"August 5—There is no use continuing this useless struggle. Would it not be better to be lying six feet under the grass in some quiet place where only the birds come and the water glides by with its cool splash? Is it not sheer folly for a man who is not like other people to attempt to find happiness among them? Could a dove be happy in a cage with a vulture, a rabbit in a nest with a vampire. No more can I be happy with people who hate me knowing but little of me, and who would have only contempt for me if they knew me thoroughly. Of what use are the aspirations of my soul if they are laughed at by people who cannot understand them; and as these aspirations are the better part of me, of what use am I myself where they are not wanted? I have thrown up my position. I overheard two of my fellow clerks talking about me. I will not here set down what they said. I rushed upon one of them and struck him fiercely in the face; I could have killed him. But oh! the humility I suffered! He turned on me with contempt visible in every lineament of his face, and with one blow—he was larger and much stronger than I—knocked me prostrate. Half stunned, bleeding and miserable, I slunk from the office, never to return to it. God knows I am not what that man called me. My prime fault is that I cannot comprehend life. No one can understand me, and I cannot understand myself. I do not care to talk to people. They do not talk about things I would like to talk about—things which though they are deeply graven in my heart I cannot myself put in definite shape or give them utterance, and if I could I would not utter them. What a fool I am, to find fault because persons won't talk about things which I myself cannot comprehend the nature of! Nothing suits me, and yet in the same breath in which I complain I admit that I would not be suited if I could. But there is this much left me: though I cannot learn how to live I can at least learn how to die. It must be much simpler than the problem of life.

"August 23—Why do so many writers—men whom the world calls great—spend their lives in writing books which speculate on the mystery of death? I never deemed it worth while to give the after-life part of my existence, if it may be expressed that

way, much thought. I cannot get even an inkling of the explanation of the life I am living now. Even if the grave ends all, what is there lost? Men do not yearn to enter upon an existence beyond the grave, even though they feel confident that there is such an existence. I take it that they regard a future life as something very desirable and very pleasant to believe in; pleasant to think that, after they have gotten out of this world all that Nature will permit them to grasp, they are permitted to go on living somewhere else after they have been denied further existence here. It has always struck me that this after-death speculation is a pure waste of time; that the men who write on such subjects (if they be Christian men) are unconsciously refuting the very arguments which they are advancing. If there be a God, and he has made man immortal, and yet of the earth earthy so long as he remains on earth, doesn't it then prove itself beyond controversy at the outset, that a man cannot know what the future life will be until he enters upon it? Suppose him to believe that death does not end all, that he will live again; and yet is it not presumptive in him to speculate upon an existence which, from the very nature of his being, he cannot comprehend until God sees fit to have him enter into it? The mystery of life and the emotions which control men are disposed of summarily. Physiologists and metaphysicians reduce the most ecstatic or despairful emotions, and the thought which is too vague and far away for even the thinker to grasp and hold firmly—these they reduce to a system, and write about them much as they would about mathematics. What real good can science accomplish toward solving the mystery of life, when it is baffled at the start? Can the scientist do more than make a reputation for himself as a close observer and a clever theorist? I don't see how he can, but I wish he could. Yes, science is baffled at the start; it knows it cannot solve the first problem in the Book of Life. Failing in the first, it ignores it, and takes up the next if it be solvable, and jumps by it if it is not. It keeps on skipping until it finds something it can explain. Latent life, scientists say, is in a germ, and this germ by natural processes produces active life; yet they do not seem to be greatly bothered because they cannot ex-

plain why this life germ is as likely to take the form of a snake, a tree or a horse, as that of a man—they admitting their inability to discover any analytical difference between the germ which makes the snake and that which makes the man. And these same men will assert that there can be no after existence, because there is no proof of it, and they do not see why there should be. Scientists would call me an idiot. They would probably be right. I am certainly of no use in this world, I am heart-sick, and I hate everybody, though that which my soul most longs for is to love everybody—but not as they are. I would not love them as they are, but rather as I think they ought to be, though I cannot describe how I would have them. I am lost in a whirlwind of complication when I try to picture an ideal world. Realizing that man is an animal I cannot make him the psychical being I would have him, and at the same time make the pictured existence compatible with that which I know the animal in him would demand. I often think that man has more of the devil than the angel in him. The moments in which he is truly good are those in which the animal in him is enjoying health and such happiness as the animal nature is content with. His soul does not repine if his body is happy. But in sickness and in such troubles as destroy the happiness of the animal nature, men become more savage and wicked than the brutes. Then the devil asserts himself. I wonder if I've got a devil? If, instead of being better than the rest of mankind, I am worse; if I lack the animal composition which makes the happiness, but make up for the lack by the possession of a good big devil? Is it not better for a man to be all animal? If God makes man that way He surely will not hold him responsible for lacking the finer qualities which are generally said to belong to the soul. What does this all amount to? Nothing. I'm tired of thinking, tired of writing, tired of everything. Oblivion is the sweetest thing I can picture.

"September 6—I grow more disgusted with life as day succeeds day. I have come to the conclusion that I should not have been born, and that I am perpetuating the mistake by living. Then why do I not end it? It is not that I dread the something

after death, which Hamlet speaks of. That soliloquy is to my mind the most absurd that Shakespeare ever wrote. I do not believe it is the fear of entering the unknown country that deters men from taking their lives. If they do not kill themselves it is because their desire to live is stronger than their desire to die. What man is there who holds the poison draught or stands with revolver in hand, and is kept from doing the deed because he is afraid of what may come after it is done? I don't believe there ever was such a man, any more than I believe that a person blind with passion thinks of the gallows when he slays his enemy. The cases are parallel, for the man who commits suicide is sick of life, disgusted, and is craving the end. He is as utterly oblivious to a care or thought of what may follow his act as the murderer is. He thinks only of accomplishing his purpose. Then why do I continue to live? Do I desire to live more than I desire to have it all over with. No! No! That upsets my theory; but all the same I say no—I do not want to live.

"September 30—I have tried what fresh air could do for me. I have not opened this sombre record for nearly a month. A few days ago I sat in the park. A tramp took a seat near me. I gave him a few pennies out of the small sum I had left to get something to eat. He told me the

story of his life. He talked well and told me he was fairly educated. His wife was faithless. One night he went to his home and found it deserted. His wife had run off with the man whom he had loved as his friend. He said that for a while he wanted to die. Now he is contented to live, and all he asks is a little to eat—and a great deal to drink, I fancy, from his looks. I had but little pity for him. But do not other men have the same experience—men like me, whom I know it would kill as surely as a knife in the heart kills? Why should a man want to live when he knows such an experience may be his? On my way home I saw two lovers walking under the trees. I instinctively trembled for the man. Fool! Why does he play with fire? Does not the mere thought that he may be betrayed rob him of all the happiness that his present seeming security can bestow? It would me.

"October 15—I feel that the end is near. I am like a log that has been floating with the slow tide of the river and finally enters the bay and is soon to loose itself in the ocean. I am in the bay; I can hear the roar of the ocean. It is a sweet sound."

Then came the last entry, which I quoted first. It was dated five days after the preceding entry, October 20. Poor lad! What was wanting in him?

C. F. R. H.

❁ Luxury. ❁

The difficulty in treating this subject is its vastness, and therefore it is also almost impossible to write of it in an orderly way. The abundance of documents to refer to, even may be considered rather as another obstacle. As it has been wittily remarked, the trees prevent us from seeing the forest. Luxury is one of those needs which has survived all social changes. Its course can be followed without interruption from the beginning of the Roman Empire to Charlemagne. Conquerors and dynasties succeed each other; the magnificence, the display of costly dress, and the pomp of a court,

remain still as the outward symbol of power. Even during the most troubled and miserable time of the middle ages, there were two powers that were presented to the people under the most glowing colors outwardly—royalty and religion. Art was saved from complete shipwreck by the profound religious sentiment that prevailed and by the want felt by the nations to decorate their sacred edifices, and to raise to God's honor cathedrals worthy of His great name.

In the same way, as there was never a time when the Latin literature completely disappeared, so in the same manner it never

happened that money was ever wanting to add more magnificence to the works of all the faithful.

During the feudal times, each powerful lord wished to give a tangible proof of his greatness and riches and power; they showed it off principally in their luxurious domestic habits, in the hunting field, and in dress.

The Crusades were the means of the Western nations becoming familiar with the Tyre glasses, the Damascus metals, the Alexandrian cloths. They began by being religious wars, and ended in commercial transactions opening out to European merchants the boundless wealth of the East. When one of the feudal lords returned from these religious wars, passing through Italy and Constantinople, he would visit the palaces in these countries, and then would not rest satisfied till he had filled his castle with the same luxurious splendor, much in the same way as in these days a wealthy American citizen travels over Europe and brings home the luxurious and artistic objects wherewith to adorn it.

At this period began the "chateau" life. In France alone there were 40,000 dwellings of this kind at the end of the Thirteenth century. Almost simultaneously with this new wealthy style grew up the new class of "parvenus" who made their fortune by various industries and commercial speculations. One well-known butcher, who had been in the habit of parading the streets with his meats on an enormous tray, made quite a large fortune, and caused his tray to be mounted in gold and silver, in memory of his poverty. It very often was the case that what was considered a luxury in one age, became a necessity in the succeeding ages. We have no doubts on this subject that it required centuries before the use of candles, glasses, chemises, and above all, forks, became general. Italy, and particularly Florence, plays an important part in the history of luxury in the middle ages. A more delicate taste, a more precise and revealed sentiment in art, and a continued and firm belief in the grand antique traditions. It was really a hard-working and spirited democracy that led, and the most aristocratic and elegant people in Europe followed its example. In England the old Saxon race were transformed under the influence of the Dukes of Normandy, who

were passionately fond of good dressing, beautiful horses, and buildings. Of the twenty-two cathedrals that still exist in England, fifteen belong for the most part to the time of the Norman conquest. But in the fourteenth century, the centre of all luxury, as well as for learning, and the "rendezvous" for all travelers and strangers was Paris, with its regal palaces, its hotels belonging to the nobility, its rich and influential commercial classes, and its university with its world-renowned celebrity. It has been spoken of by all historians as the city above all others—a city that belongs to every nationality—the only one where you really enjoy life. "To be in Paris," writes an old author, Jean de Jandun, "is being in a city that is open to all men." The increasing luxury of the Fifteenth century dragged the French nobility into sad and deplorable disgrace. The desire to shine seemed to dull all the other better senses and to destroy all manly virtues. The nobleman no longer looked upon it as a dishonor not to pay his debts, but laughed in his creditors' faces. In the history of luxury, the reign of Charles V. in France, is marked as being one of the most brilliant and luxurious. The king deprived himself, to give his money to art and decorative industries, even taking it from the royal treasury. After his reign, senseless prodigalities dishonored luxury, which was more apparent as there was the contrast of the public miseries enhanced by courtly follies. Whilst princes and courtiers were changing their dresses daily, whilst wars were only the occasion for some new whim and gorgeous show, the children in Paris, boys and girls, were dying in the gutters of hunger and thirst. More than 100,000 people were buried in the same year, and hordes of wolves were around Paris, and even entered the city at night to take away the corpses. What a difference between the sensual luxury of the French queen, Isabeare de Baviere, When Leo X. and Francis I. were the promoters of all artistic splendor, the architectural wonders, the sculpture, the paintings were displayed at Florence, Rome, Venice. Then what a sight Paris offered. Every kind of prodigality was stimulated in the cause of genius, and were not the sums of money given away to pay the works of a Leonardo de Vinci, a Michael Angelo or

Raphael, the most elevating way to dispense it in such a noble and magnificent cause? What are the most refined tastes in dress or costume compared to the thought of the artist which is inscribed on the canvas or the stone or marble? Luxury can only be associated with the idea of grandeur, inasmuch as it leaves monuments behind it, those passing flashing scenes that it lays before our eyes, vanish with the same rapidity that they were formed. Nothing remains that elevates man's mind, nothing that widens the horizon of human thought. The grand change at the time of the Renaissance—what an admirable move forward it was that caused the civilized nations of the West to follow the purest forms and the most poetical ones of beauty, to search out an harmonious chord in the wonderful traditions of Pagan art and the mystical tendencies of Christianity.

In considering the history of luxury, we are frequently drawn to make these moral reflections, as they are intimately connected with the philosophy of history. Again, what can we think of the exacting ways which Francis I. employed to extort money from the people to build the Chateau de Blois, Fontainebleau, the most beautiful parts of the Louvre and the Tuileries? There a line must be drawn between the luxury that spends all on art, and the money, that is spent in foolish prodigalities inspired by love. The kings of France, for instance, spent more money, it is easy to judge by history, on their illicit loves, than on the most sumptuous and magnificent buildings. The excesses that luxury have been the cause of, have been made the subject of the most lively criticisms; in the middle ages the councils condemned them; later on a plea was brought forward to stop them on account of the misery they caused, and also as they caused sufferings from foreign invasions.

Moralists denounced them, and sermons were preached against them with vehemence even before Luther and Calvin's time, who used them as an arm in their war against Catholicism. After the somewhat more quiet reign of Henry IV., which followed the preceding disorderly reigns, France was very prosperous. This time is the happiest that the monarchy ever enjoyed. Richelieu and Mazarin did, perhaps, much toward the

good of their country, but Henry IV. was a benefactor to his people. The popularity he acquired was justly gained, on account of the encouragement he gave to agriculture and all industries, as well as to useful arts and generous projects too soon cut short. At the same time that he built hospitals, he multiplied the drinking fountains, he opened sewerages, he built bridges, he established quays, he purified the unwholesome quarters, he was able also to satisfy the demands of an elegant society, and leave behind him proofs of his works. He built and finished the Palais Royale, the best parts of the Hotel de Ville, and the palace of Fontainebleau.

Louis XIV. brought court magnificence to the height of its splendor, and in doing so, he obeyed an instinct that was natural to him. Saint Simon thus speaks of him: "He loved above all things, splendor, magnificence, profusion." He encouraged these tastes by policy, and imposed them on his courtiers. They were sure to please him if they threw everything away they had, on their table, their clothes, their carriages, and their buildings. When they were living in this style he would notice his subjects. His policy was to reduce them to penury by holding luxury in such honor, and making it for some a necessity. Thus by degrees every one would be entirely dependent on his benefits for subsistence. The entire subjection of the nobility for which the French monarchy had so long striven, was absolute in this reign. They were held to the court for fear of displeasing their master, ruined by the luxury of the fêtes, and not able to appear but in the most sumptuous apparel. The aristocracy who till now, had been so proud, soon ended by being simply the passive ornament of a powerful monarch. The building of Versailles betrayed Louis XIV. policy; the whole city was to depend on this palace, where royalty hid itself away, and was only to appear on state occasions, attended by respectable surroundings, composed of the most powerful lords, and surrounded with all the luxury that art could imagine. Is one not simply appalled at the greatness of this work, when one remembers all the money that was spent on it, and the victims that were sacrificed? Is it wonderful then that curses were heaped on the head of the

Grand Monarch? The beauty of the place must not make us forget that cart loads of poor workmen were carried out at nights, poisoned by the exhalations from the ground. "Whilst tyrannizing nature," adds Saint Simon, "Louis XIV. had also succeeded in tyrannizing his people." During the whole of this fastidious reign, which began with such pomp, and glory, and finished so miserably, there was a total lack of human pity, and kindness and sympathy for the lowly and poor, which characterized the reign of Henry IV. The hardness of heart of Louis XIV. can only be equaled by that of Napoleon, who according to his own account, cared no more for sacrificing a million men than a straw.

The luxury in Spain in the Seventeenth century was very rich, but with no conveniences, with more pretension than elegance. It is shown mostly in the rich treasures that are found in the churches, in the quantity of massive silver which the great lords possessed, in the decoration of their carriages, in the magnificence of their costumes, and in the beauty of the horses. It is on horseback that the Spaniard is seen to most advantage. There he shows the ease and the grace of his movements. Unfortunately this country does not increase in wealth on account of the stagnation of commerce. The gold and silver which is imported from the New World is sufficient to pay the products of foreign industries, and money remains in the coffers of private individuals without giving any returns.

"It does not cost more to-day," says Voltaire, "to live comfortably than it did to live miserably in Henri IV. reign. A beautiful glass of our own manufacture adorns our houses at much less cost than did those small glasses that were imported from Venice." Luxury usually seeks less for splendor than it does for ease, elegance and all that is agreeable. The artisan vies with the artist in a personal desire to vary the forms of decorative arts. These are the days when mechanism plays so important a part.

In the Eighteenth century it was the manufacturer's brain that conceived the ideas, and whose hands had also to execute them as well. It was a sad period, the time when Madame de Pompadour was all powerful. She cost the king more than thirty-six mil-

lions, without counting what losses she was the cause of in political affairs. But monarchy was at a lower ebb even during the ignominious reign of Madame du Barry.

Louis XVI. notwithstanding his simple and willing ways, could not battle against so many abuses. Etiquette required that he should have 15,000 persons in his royal household, and he was obliged to allow the sum of £120,000 pension weekly to the court ladies. The folly of such pleasures and such expenditure into which the court ladies were plunged following the example of the queen, caused the ruin of a society which was incapable of regenerating itself.

History tells us that the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe cost the State 100,000 ecus. In describing the luxury of the Eighteenth century, we must not forget to mention the solid magnificence of the English noblemen, their beautiful castles, their parks, the enormous quantity of massive silver that decorated their tables, and the marvelous objects of art that adorned their drawing-rooms; the elegant taste that Gustavus III. brought, and that Catherine II. received from Paris; the progress that took place in Prussian industries from the time of the Edict of Nantes that caused so many artisans and French manufacturers to take refuge there.

We must not forget either to mention the picture that is drawn by an Italian writer on the luxury and sumptuous living in Italy: "Go," he says, "to the galleries of the Italian nobleman, and you will then be able to judge for yourself, if their houses are not immense, where marble, paintings and sculpture meets you on all sides, and where you can never find a comfortable chair, or a bed trimmed up as it ought to be, nor cupboards or hanging rooms."

Montalembert, although filled with a profound admiration for many of the past fashions, nevertheless adds that "life in these present days is made more comfortable for the majority of persons." Comfort has never been so general or ease more widespread. If the folly of luxury enters into some homes, it was formerly much greater, at other epochs and in various countries. The peculiarity of the present day, is mostly an equality in the way of living. Now a larger number are able to enjoy creature

comforts which in former times were only reserved to a few chosen ones. There is no doubt some danger in this case in the way of living, and it is apt to make people's minds tend toward a too easy life, and too much temptation to avoid a life of sacrifice

and individual effort. Moral energy is prone then to fluctuate and characters to lose their force. Too many people are complaining whose only wish is to live well, and their object in life seems to be to spare themselves all trouble.

ALBION.

Gustave · Doré.

However celebrated, however much loved, however necessary it may appear to humanity, no one can believe in a tomorrow. Everywhere there seems to reign a kind of unrest. In the present time, the man who forms any plans or projects for the future, must be a fool, who desires to bring on himself the anger of his Master, who disposes in such a mysterious way as He pleases of all human hopes. If there ever was a man who could think he had some right to trust to the present, and even to a future, it was this wonderful artist, who has just died. There never was given to anyone more will, energy, grace and talent; there never was a life that seemed more as if it had come straight from God in a human form, with a more glowing and convincing expression of it. Those who knew him as a young man cannot forget his face, his noble forehead, his hair thrown back, his large liquid eyes, so proud and gentle, his warm welcome in his cheery, tender voice, his sparkling laugh, his fine features, more like a woman's, which gave him all his life through the appearance of a youth. It only required this sudden disappearance of Doré to add to the wonderful events which are taking place all around us at the present time. But all these startling events will pass away, but his *chef d'œuvres* will always remain. Those who knew him, when he was twenty, that is to say, when he had already been celebrated for ten years, Gustave Doré then had a slim figure, his limbs were agile, he was beardless, with a pink complexion, full of life and cheerfulness, he had always a pencil in his hand, or a pen or a paint brush. Gustave Doré could have stood for the Angel of Labor when he would push forward, or I might

rather say, rush forward from the large table where he was composing those million of drawings, or from the easels and ladders, where he executed hundreds of pictures, or from the plasters where he was moulding his statues and his groups. What celerity, what originality of conception, what inexhaustible and unforeseen imaginations, what miraculous science in the effect and arrangements, what dramatic grandeur in the results of lights, darkness and chaos, in the fantastic and invisible, in the dreams of earth and heaven! What a world of gods, of goddesses, of fairies, saints, martyrs, apostles, virgins, giants, spectres, archangels, some monstrous types, some celestial, some funny, some divine, being brought together, and given life and form, color, movement, by this enlightened brain that was never darkened! He seemed to have intimate connection with the great spirits that he portrayed, and that his pencil vivified, and that so many thought they knew all about, but would never have known without him. Fancy what a delight it must have been to him, with his vivid imagination, to have direct communication with such authors as Rabelais, La Fontaine, Milton, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Cervantes, Dante, Shakespeare and those of the Bible. Can we wonder then, that we see him so powerful, when every day, every hour, he was in constant intercourse with the beautiful, the great and the truthful? He aspires unceasingly after something more, he longs for the Infinite in the physical as well as in the intellectual world. He must increase and multiply his work rooms, of which there are never too many to satisfy his dauntless ardor. He must sketch immense plains, thick forests, high mountains. When he left his spacious

ateliers in Paris or London, it was only to rest, by taking journeys to Switzerland, the Pyrenees, and Scotland. He would go down the most dangerous precipices, he would wander in the most lonely places, and rest on the highest mounts, and he would bring back immense landscapes with him, some bathed in light, others dimmed in obscurity and clouds, with the fir trees just perceptible, with the sapphire and opal, and golden skies, their snowy heights just tinged with white, with a reddish hue, under the sun's last kiss, whilst those large eagles that with one flap of their wings compass nearly a mile at a time as the poet expresses it, and they seem as if they were ready to carry you away with them on the canvas.

Doré only lived fifty years, and during forty of those he was an example to all men in his untiring energy, and in his passionate

longing for the ideal, and the zeal with which he pursued it. Whilst many artists refused to execute a statue of Alexander Dumas, with his enthusiastic and generous nature, he gave himself up soul and mind to this important work, and many suppose that with the heart trouble to which he was subject, he hastened his death with over fatigue and work.

After my arrival in Colorado I sent to Gustave Doré some of the best mounted photographs I could procure of the Rocky Mountains and scenery, and particularly the Mount of the Holy Cross. He sent me several messages through mutual friends, and expressed himself much delighted with the views, and cursorily observed if it were not for the ocean, he might some day find himself in these Rocky Mountain regions.

E. H. H.

✱ By the Camp-Fire. ✱

BY MRS. SARAH D. HOBART.

We meet in joy and gladness
 Beside the camp-fire's light,
 And kindly greetings temper
 The chilling winter's night.
 Amid the song and laughter,
 The comfort, warmth and glow,
 Our hearts recall the pictures
 Of camp-fires long ago.

"Come!" rang from Freedom's watch-towers,
 And answering to the call,
 You want our manliest, bravest,
 Our light, our joy, our all.
 While mothers to their bosoms
 Their stripling first-born pressed
 And whispered through their sobbing:
 "Dear land, we give our best!"

Beneath the Southern star-beams
 By camp-fire blazing bright,
 You told the tales of skirmish,
 Of pickets, march and fight.
 The songs that cheered the moments
 Ring down the aisles of time;
 No songs so thrill the soldier
 As their wild, pulsing rhyme.

"Glory, Hallelujah!"
 Pealed through the startled trees.
 "We rally 'round the flag, boys!"
 Came floating on the breeze.
 With "Marching on to Richmond!"
 The canvas walls resound,
 And the echoes chorus "Tenting
 To-night on the old camp-ground."
 "We're Coming, Father Abraham"
 Rings to the hills away.
 "Our flag shall float forever!"
 "Our own brave boys are they!"
 "When this cruel war is over
 No longer will we roam."
 "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!"
 And the song of "The girls at home!"

Soon came the rude awak'ning;
 Startled—but undismayed
 You heard through widening circles
 The furious fusilade.
 O'er wounded, dead and dying,
 Amid the cannons' roar,
 Unwavering and unswerving,
 Fair Freedom's flag you bore.

Oh, valiant, true and steadfast,
 Through tempest, heat and cold,
 Our country crowned you heroes
 In those grand days of old.
 Though homesick, heartsick, weary,
 Daring the battery's breath,
 Your brave hearts never faltered
 While face to face with death.

Then back from field and prison,
 A band of crippled men,
 The wreck of battle surges,
 We welcomed you again.
 We saw your thin ranks falter,
 And wails of anguish sore
 Went up from home and hearthstone,
 For those who came no more.

Still through the rolling ages
 Shall brightly glow their fame;
 Still on our country's annals
 Their deeds of valor flame,
 And bands of patriot children
 In springtime's sunny hours,
 Shall rev'rent place above them
 Fair wreaths of spotless flowers.



Stronger * than * Love.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY D. W. MOULTON.

CHAP. V.

THE BATTLE.

The scene which greeted the eye, as Wilford rushed forth, was one of wild confusion, and yet order was being rapidly gotten out of the chaos. The pickets had been driven in, and the expected battle had begun sooner than had been anticipated. The first attack began in the intense darkness which precedes daybreak, and now in the first grey of the dawning summer day, the soldiers were awakened to begin, with no time for preparation, some of the active work for which they had enrolled. Half-awake, they were rushing along, buckling on belts as they ran, and stumbling over and cursing whatever small objects got in the way of their uncertain footsteps. Officers were giving orders in loud, excited tones, and all the while above the din rang the sharp roll of the drums. Almost before some of the slower of the boys were fully awakened to the situation, they were being marched forward through the semi-darkness to what fate they knew not.

A few hundred rods march brought them to an old pike, which they crossed, raising a stifling cloud of dust, which was quickly washed from their boots by the dew from the long grass of a meadow which they entered upon the opposite side. The cool air which always precedes the sunrise, even upon the advent of the hottest of summer days, brushed their faces for a few minutes, and served to brighten the sleepy ones into a realization of the work before them. The faces of the more thoughtful of the veterans took on a stronger look of determination; the happy-go-lucky forms of the gamblers with fortune bore a more recklessly jaunty air, while the boyish eyes of the young and raw recruits sparkled with the anticipation of what seemed to them as only a day's

frolic, their first scrimmage, with only a victory for its result.

Just as the first rays of the sun touched the tree tops, came a hasty order to halt. Those in the rear saw nothing, but their forward comrades. Almost simultaneously came the crack of an hundred Confederate rifles.

A score or more boys in blue felt a quick surprise that they were struck with bullets before the fight had begun for them, and as many more dropped among the tall leaves of grass and the daisies, to know no more of strife and battle, save what may have been permitted to dwellers in the Great Beyond. The longing for a battle and the boyish anticipations fled from the minds of the soldier novices as they saw the forms of comrades falling close at hand, and many a young face paled as it felt the hot spatter of a dear friend's life-blood upon its cheek. The smiling looks fled, and to some came a deathly faintness, a sudden thought, quick as lightning, of the dear homes so far away, a wild, intangible desire to flee anywhere but in the present situation. Some even threw down their arms and turned to flee, while others stood as though frozen, and were for the moment incapable of any act, brave or cowardly. Farther front the veterans, tried and true, grasped their guns more firmly, feeling the same as they had many times before, and setting their teeth, awaited the order which they knew would follow. Quickly the order to fire came, and the response was sharp and quick. The apathy which their first experience of being under fire had brought to the green boys, was broken by the order to do something, and many a boy who had left his camp couch half-asleep, and a military no-account generally, earned that day his right to the title of a brave man and a soldier.

A half-dozen volleys from each side, and

the Confederates broke and fled before a quickly obeyed order to charge. Across a wide field, ran the boys in blue, their brethren in gray running before them. The sun, now beginning to burn hotly, shown upon a fainting, sweating, dusty crowd, the pursuers and the pursued, trampling alike the bright grass and the cold faces of companions. Far across the wide field they ran, breaking down fences which intervened, and some stumbling and falling over the debris. Yells, cheers and curses, groans and prayers arose from that fair field; the serene blue of the sky and the golden glory of the light which falls alike "upon the just and unjust," upon the acts of the saint and the crimes of the sinner, looked calmly down upon the scene as though the God and Father of all took little heed of what his children were doing upon that bright summer day. On they went to the summit of a low hill, and down the other side.

Just at the foot of the hill was a large tract of wooded land. Those in the van of the charging ranks saw as they approached, among the foliage, the cool glitter of hundreds of bayonets. Right in amongst them came Uncle Sam's army, and here a fierce, close contest began. Then a battery away off on the right opened fire, and the crash of falling trees and the screams of a myriad of birds frightened from their leafy homes were added to the general uproar.

All day long the battle raged over a large territory, both sides being reinforced from time to time. The fierce rays of high noon gave place to the gathering gloom of the thunder shower which heavy cannonading always brings, and another battle seemed going on in mid-air. Finally the sun went down behind the black clouds, and darkness covered the scene. And when the moon arose that night it looked upon the form of many a man who had that morning been strong in health, gone to his last account "with all his imperfections on his head." It looked down upon the bloody, trampled grass and flowers, which had been fresh and bright that morning. It looked upon the moving forms of surgeons and soldiers looking for patients or missing comrades. And far, far away, in many a home North and South, its light fell upon the bowed heads of fathers and mothers, whose loving lips trembled with prayer for the sons who

would never come home again. In many a peaceful spot, where the sound of battle would never penetrate, or where it was gradually approaching, beautiful young faces grew sweetly tender as the thoughts went out to the absent lover. Bright eyes gazed yearningly and hopefully, and red lips pressed kisses upon the pictured features of faces which were upturned, calm and quiet in the dignity of death.

Through all the early part of the day, Wilford Keene had been in his place at the head of his company in the hottest of the fight. On this day, he but added to his record as a cool, efficient officer, brave without ostentatious display of valor, and with always the idea of making the most careful disposition of his men's services. Just at this time he had quite a number of recruits in his company, and with them in his mind, he had more than usual anxiety that his company should not lose any of the record which it had gained as one of the best in the regiment. Along toward noon, while making one of the numerous charges which marked the day's experience, he felt a stinging sensation in his left arm. He paid no attention to the little pain, until, in the lull which followed the excitement of the charge, he felt a sudden faintness, and would have fallen, had he not been caught by two of his men. The next which he knew he was lying far in the rear of the fighting, with a wound in his left arm, from which a bullet had just been extracted. A surgeon making hasty trips around among the many other wounded men, stopped for a moment at his side and gave him a drink of brandy.

"Only a little scratch, Captain," said he, "but it will be enough to keep you from active work for a little time. You did not pay attention to it and lost considerable blood. That was what made you faint."

The doctor hurried away, and Wilford feeling weary, laid his head back and closed his eyes. Slowly through his gathering strength of consciousness came back the events of the past few hours. The last that he knew of the battle, his sudden awakening in the morning, and finally, with a rush which made him open his eyes and start suddenly to a sitting position, came the recollection of the story told him by Major Carlisle, the evening before. Again the old,

dull, weary outlook upon life came to him, and he fell back upon what served for his pillow with a groan. He wished then that his wound had been fatal. "Why," thought he, "am I spared, when so many others with dear ones at home to mourn for them are taken away?" Then he thought again of the Major, the friend who had grown so dear to him; in whose companionship he had almost found consolation for his great loss and grief; in which he had at least found forgetfulness of his troubles; this, even this he must have taken from him. In the future, the very companionship which had grown so pleasant, must be a constant reminder of his great wrong, and the dear associate, his only intimate friend, must be looked upon as the author of all his trouble. Helen's husband, who had been hitherto only a vague, almost mythical being in Wilford's mind, and of whom he had thought as only the probable mischief-maker, had become a living reality, and his personality robbed him of his friend. "What," said his thoughts, "have I ever done, that fate should always be so cruel, always so against me?"

The bitter train of thought was interrupted by the noise and bustle going on around him, being increased by the arrival of another lot of wounded men. Looking eagerly at the dusty, disfigured forms as they came within range of his vision, to see who of his friends might be among the number, Wilford's eyes suddenly fell upon that of Major Carlisle, carried along pale and unconscious, and whose inanimate body was being partially borne along by the obsequious and ever-present Private Terrence Flynn. Laying down their burden tenderly, all but Flynn departed, and the surgeons quickly began their work of examination. Flynn, who seemed ever loth to leave his victim, had a two-fold object for staying by at this time—keeping the Major under his eye as he delighted to do, and at the same time keeping away from the fighting, which his cringing, cowardly heart despised warmly. The head surgeon, however, who knew, and disliked the craven, blarney-tongued Irishman, and had a keen eye for anything like a disposition to shirk duty, promptly ordered Flynn back to where he belonged, with the information that "his services were not required in the

hospital department," and with the best grace which he could summon, Flynn departed.

Later, when a surgeon came to his side, Wilford asked him the extent of the Major's injuries, to which the doctor replied:

"He got a shot through the left lung. It's a pretty bad place, but he is a man of splendid physique, and I think that with care he will pull through all right. He has got a long job before him though."

* * *

Wilford's wound did not progress as favorably as was at first expected. His system was in a rather low condition, owing to his long experience in a miasmatic locality. He, together with Major Carlisle and many others of the wounded, were transferred to the Washington hospitals, and there, during the hours of convalescence, the old friendship had been renewed. The Major had gained rapidly and was soon able to sit up and walk about a little, but great care had to be taken lest an undue exertion might bring back dangerous symptoms.

As soon as they had arrived in Washington, Mrs. Carlisle had been telegraphed for, but a returning dispatch announced that she was ill and would be unable to travel for about a week. To Wilford this was an unspeakable relief. He dreaded meeting Helen now, as much as formerly he had longed to see her. During the companionship of the hospital, Wilford's love for his friend had returned with all its old warmth. He put as much as possible the Major's identity with that of the cause of his life's sorrow out of his mind, and the daily companionship with no reference to the past of either, had helped forgetfulness. The Major was, of course, unaware of the extent of the revelation which he had made, and was in all respects the agreeable companion which he had been before. He bore his sufferings with true soldierly fortitude and patience, and his demeanor helped much to strengthen the respect which Wilford felt for him.

This was the state of affairs when Wilford, by advice of his medical advisers, accepted a furlough, which would allow him to visit the North, and in the cooler atmosphere of that climate strive to recover his strength. He disliked to leave the Major in Washington, and the latter, finding that his friend would have to go, begged to be

allowed to accompany him. It was finally so arranged, and the two friends accordingly started from Washington with the understanding that the journey was to be made very slowly, and with the determination in Wilford's mind that he would contrive to leave the Major, before the latter would be joined by his wife.

The third day after leaving, they made a stop at a comfortable hotel in the southern part of Pennsylvania. Here their intention was to take a rest of a couple of days and then proceed. After an early dinner, Wilford left the Major to take a nap, and started out for a stroll through the town. Returning to the house early in the evening, as he entered the room where he had left his friend, he heard the Major saying in a loud, excited tone:

"You d—d scoundrel! Quit this house and this town to-night, or I'll telegraph to Washington and have you hanged for a deserter!"

Stepping into the room, Wilford was astonished to find no less a personage than Terrence Flynn. He was standing with his back toward the door, and was dressed in citizens' clothes. His attitude was defiant in the extreme, but hearing Wilford's step behind him he turned, and perceiving who the newcomer was, he assumed his habitual air of obsequious respect, and bowing low, he said:

"O! how do you do, Captain Kane?" at the same time extending his hand.

Wilford seized the extended member, and giving a quick jerk forward, Mr. Terrence would have fallen upon his face, only that Wilford by a sudden turn caught the falling Irishman by the coat-collar. Then holding him at arm's length, by a series of well-aimed kicks, he urged him into the hall and to the head of the stairs, where a final persuasive movement of Wilford's foot sent the slimy cur down the entire flight.

Re-entering the room, he found the Major laughing. When he had recovered his breath, he shook Wilford by the hand, exclaiming:

"That's the prettiest thing I ever saw you do, Keene, and half makes up for the annoyance which the rascal has given me. Do you know the fellow has deserted, to follow us, and has been here an hour, giving me a taste of the bad side of a future life.

But the dog has got something to reward him, and will give you a wide berth in the future, I reckon."

"I'm sorry that I left you," said Wilford, "you've had an uncomfortable afternoon of it."

"Not all bad, though," said the Major, "I've had some good news. Here is a telegram from my wife. She will be here to-morrow."

CHAP VI.

THROUGH SHADOW AND DOUBT.

The next day Major Carlisle was somewhat weak from the effect of his exciting interview with Terrence Flynn, and consequently was obliged to remain in his bed after the morning. Wilford remained with him nearly all the time, striving with all his strength to appear as usual, although a tumult was raging in his mind. The very contretemps which he had all along studied to avoid was about to take place. He did not know how to avoid the catastrophe which he feared might follow a meeting with Helen in the presence of her husband. "Helen, of course, must know," thought he, "of my intimacy with Carlisle, but does she think that I know that he is her husband?" "She cannot know it from Carlisle, for he is not aware that I have ever seen his wife. Will she have tact and shrewdness enough to play the *role* of a new acquaintance? If she still loves me, I fear that she cannot. And I will have no easy task to carry out my own part. If either should betray ourselves, what explanation can I make? The path through life seems darker and darker as I go on. What did she say? 'The way will be made plain as we go on?' God grant that it may be made so plain, so clear that neither may stumble or fall. For my part, I can see only trouble and confusion ahead, only the loss of my friend. Yes, the only friendship must go with the only love of my life! Why? Why, I wonder, are the blessings of life so divided? Why are some lives all sunshine, while others all tears?"

All day he struggled, and all day the Major would talk of nothing but the subject of his wife's arrival. He seemed to have forgotten the story that he had told Wilford. The thought that his wife did not love him as other women loved their hus-

hands did not trouble him now. He only thought that the object of his adoration would soon be with him again, and he could talk of that and nothing else.

Surely, if the love of an object could condone sins committed for its sake, Major Carlisle's conscience would have been clear and spotless of any guilt for the means by which he had gained his wife.

"I am just longing for you to see her, old man," said he, "everybody admires her, and I know you will. Only that you are the soul of honor and my best friend," (this with a laugh) "I would be almost afraid that you'd fall in love with her, as iron-clad against women as they all call you."

And Wilford replied as cheerfully as he could: "I have no doubt I shall admire her as much as you desire."

Near the close of the afternoon he started out for a walk, hoping that during his absence Helen would arrive, and that he would be spared witnessing the meeting between husband and wife. It seemed to him that to see Helen as the wife of another, and that other his dear friend, was more than he could bear, and yet he knew that he must undergo the trial. Yet he wished to be alone with his thoughts and have a chance to gather mental strength. He left the house and walked slowly down the main street of the town and far out beyond the crowd and bustle which was characteristic of the place at this time in the day. Many passers-by looked curiously at the thoughtful man who heeded nobody, and many a coquettish look was cast at him by the numerous young ladies who were always on the alert for a flirtation with a handsome young officer. But the girls were all disappointed and disgusted, for the stranger paid no attention, but with downcast eyes pursued his lonely walk until he had gone far beyond the outskirts of the town, and out upon a country road. Here he became conscious of having a companion. By that intuitive knowledge which one feels without seeing or hearing, that some person is near, he felt that his movements were being watched, and just as he was looking about for a solution of the feeling, an opening in a hedge just ahead of him showed the figure of a man cautiously approaching the road. A glance was sufficient. The crafty, oily

face peeping from among the green leaves was that of Terrence Flynn.

Wilford remembered the particulars of their last meeting, and his fingers instinctively clutched a light cane which he carried with a firmer clasp. Terrence evidently noticed the cane, for he backed away a few steps, and summoning a fawning smile, spoke:

"Gud afternoon to you, Captain Kane; you will *notice* the forgivin' spirit which I have in comin' along wid yez *after* the way yez helped me down stairs last evenin'."

"Well, and now that you have come, what do you want?" said Wilford, looking the contempt which he felt.

"It's to do ye a favor, that I've come this long walk, Captain Kane," said Flynn, bowing low, "and only that I was afraid of the Provost Marshal, I'd hev spoken to you in town. But its better as it is though, for what I have to do is a grate sacret, and it wouldn't do for anybody but yerself to hear about it."

"Well, say your say and leave," said Wilford, "for if you don't make a disappearance before I get back to town I will have the Provost Guard after you, myself."

"Ah, but that would be the height of unkindness, Captain Kane," said Flynn, when you take into consideration that I left the army only to serve you, sur!"

"Only to serve me! Why, you impudent whelp, what had I to do with your desertion?"

"That's the *very* pint I was comin' to, Captain Kane," said the Irishman. "I have always admired you for a brave officer and a first-class jintleman, and loving fair play myself, I hated to see you getting imposed upon by those who you thought your *friends*."

"Come, come!" said Wilford, getting impatient, "who do you refer to? Speak up, quick!"

"Well," said Flynn, eyeing the cane and backing away, "the principal one is Major Carlisle"—

Wilford stopped to hear no more, but with a bound, he seized the retreating Terrence by the collar, and shook him until his teeth chattered, then he laid the cane over his back with a good will, and with a final shake dropped him. Even this did not break the ex-valet's determination to give

Wilford the information which he had begun to impart. Picking himself up from the dust, he began again: "But, Captain Kane, what I tell ye is true"—when glancing over Wilford's shoulder, he gave a startled exclamation and took to his heels, and never stopped running until out of sight. Looking in the direction from which the scare had evidently come, Wilford discovered in the distance two ladies on horseback, attended by a groom. The ladies were attired in blue habits with glittering buttons, and the groom's buttons were of the same brilliant pattern. The frightened Flynn in his hasty glance from so long a distance, had mistaken the riders for mounted military officers, and with the bugbear of an arrest for desertion constantly before his mind, had postponed his communication until some more convenient time.

Wilford resumed his walk and returned to the hotel, just at twilight. Entering Major Carlisle's room, he perceived by the dim light a slender figure clad in black, sitting by the bedside.

"Ah! Keene, you've got back have you?" said the Major, "we've been looking for you, for an hour! Allow me to present my wife. Helen, this is Captain Keene, my best friend."

A low bow, a quiet pressure of a small hand which trembled just a little, and Wilford had met his love once more.

* *

For three days nothing of note occurred. The Major continued too ill to leave his room, and Wilford made frequent visits, not staying as long, however, as had been his custom previous to Helen's arrival at the house. The latter seemed to be of the mind which Wilford had hoped for. She seemed rather to avoid than to seek Wilford's society, and when in his presence her manners were all that those of a discreet wife should have been. Towards her husband, her deportment was that of one who had chosen her path of duty and meant to follow it to the end. She showed no affection to her husband, but was always on the alert to anticipate his slightest want. Wilford was all this time going through a fearful ordeal. To see Helen again was to arouse his old love with all its first intensity, with the difference that whereas before he had thrown reason aside and was

willing to sacrifice honor, home and all to the possession of her, even though she was the wife of another, now he had to struggle against his passion for the sake of that same man, her husband, and his friend. At first he felt glad that she acted as she did. It was, he told himself, the best and the only course to pursue. But soon to see her constantly and to feel that she was avoiding him, *him!* aroused the jealousy which is latent in every heart where love exists, and the war between the contending passions grew more and more fierce. So matters stood at the end of three days after Helen's arrival.

During the fourth day there was a marked change in her demeanor. She was not as constantly with her husband, and several times essayed to open a conversation with Wilford. Late in the afternoon Wilford was sitting alone upon a little balcony overlooking the street, when suddenly Helen came to his side. Her manner was entirely changed now. Her eyes sparkled with excitement, and upon her usually pale cheeks burned a bright crimson. Seating herself, she began: "Wilford, (she had called him Captain Keene, lately), I have something of which I wish to speak. I have been trying all day to get an opportunity."

"What is it, Mrs. Carlisle?" said Wilford, speaking as calmly as he could.

"O, Wilford!" she exclaimed, "not that name! not that name!"

"Helen! Helen!" came in a feeble voice from the Major's room, and Helen slowly arose and went to her husband's bedside.

That evening Wilford and Helen were in the Major's room soon after supper. The sick man had been unusually quiet for a long time. Usually his inclination had been to talk too much for an invalid who had been ordered by his physician to keep still, but since he had taken his light supper he had lain very quiet and seemed in deep thought, only that his eyes had been watching his wife and friend with an expression gentle almost to childishness. Somehow, as Wilford looked at the quiet face, so quiet and helpless, and his thoughts ran back over the many scenes of comradeship, a pang almost like remorse ran through his mind, and he resolved to root from his heart every trace of feeling other than friendship

for the wife of his friend. In his state of mind at that moment, he did not consider how impossible it is for humanity to prevent its loves, however well it may succeed in disguising their existence. He only felt a tender pity for the generous heart which had never room for but one great offence, and realized for the moment that to take any satisfaction in Helen's love was to rob his friend; that to be true and honorable to his friend would be to wrong no one. He resolved that friendship and honor should be stronger than love, and as he thought thus, a silent prayer went up from his heart, "God keep me so! God keep me so!"

They had all sat silent for several minutes, when the Major spoke in his usual cheery voice:

"I have not done much to-day, but somehow I feel quite tired to-night. Now, Keene, my wife and you have been staying pretty closely with me for the last two or three days, and I propose that you two take a stroll in the moonlight and get a mouthful of fresh air, while I take a nap. I think that arrangement will do us all good."

With his resolution fresh in his mind, Wilford would have liked to decline the proposition, yet could see no way to do so without appearing ungentlemanly. Helen simply said: "I would like to walk a little, if I am not imposing upon Captain Keene." So it was arranged and Helen left the room to prepare for the walk.

After she had gone, Wilford was sitting quietly by the bedside, when the Major reached forth his hand, and with a feeble little laugh, said:

"It's not every man to whom I'd propose a promenade with my wife, old man, for you know I told you what a jealous dog I am. Take good care of her, Keene."

Wilford smiled, pressed his hand, and said: "I'll try, my boy, I'll try."

Just then Helen appeared at the door, dressed for her walk. Wilford passed along, going to the next room for his hat. Looking back at her husband, Helen said playfully, "Good night, Major," and passed along the hall. Some impulse seemed to seize her, after going for a few feet, for hastily turning she retraced her steps, and entering the room stole quietly to her hus-

band's side, stooped and kissed him upon the brow. It was a little act, an unusual one for her, but its remembrance came to her many times in after years, and it will doubtless give her consolation and peace when from old age she looks back, as many another little deed done by generous impulse will brighten the latter years of other lives.

Quietly listening to their departing footsteps, Major Carlisle remained looking at the darkness into which his beautiful idol had disappeared. When the last sound had died away, he quietly turned his face to the wall, and with one hollowed hand over the kiss upon his brow as though to protect it from some contaminating touch, fell asleep. He had been in a weak, gentle mood, almost like a child all day, and just as he lost consciousness in sleep, something brought the recollection of his motherless babyhood back to him, and his lips softly murmured:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

CHAP. VII.

TEMPTED AGAIN.

Wilford and Helen left the hotel and walked slowly up the moonlit street. For a long time neither spoke, each seemingly absorbed in thought. To Wilford, who had made strong resolutions that nothing should tempt him from the path which honor told him was the only right direction, it seemed as though this walk, brought about against his wishes, had been brought about by the very spirit of evil, and that he was to be tempted beyond his power to resist. As he felt the little warm hand upon his arm and saw the lovely face so near his own, it brought back vividly the many happy hours during that summer seven years ago, when they were both so happy before he went to Europe; "before the trouble came."

To Helen had returned the excited manner which characterized her when she had gone to Wilford upon the balcony in the afternoon. She appeared differently from what she had ever done before, and in fact, she was changed. She was for the time being, no more the Helen Chalmers whom Wilford had known, and whom he had regarded as an angel, pure and sweet, ever

since the night two years before when she had rebuked his wild passion, than a child is the same when grown to maturity that it is in its infancy. Helen was but human—she was a woman. She had been strong when most sorely tempted by her lover; she had buried her love and had sent him from her side when he had been most eloquent, most despairing in his love; but her hour of weakness had come, and this night was to decide whether or not she was to go on to her death, breathing a life of self-abnegation, or whether the record should be that she had been "tried in the balance" which weighs purity against the acquisition of desire, which decides in every life which is strongest—principle or passion.

Perhaps she would have gone on as she had begun, outwardly calm and stern in her determination to carry out her fealty to her husband had not a circumstance occurred early that day which had changed the whole current of her feelings.

The circumstance was an interview with Terrence Flynn, who had called at the hotel that morning and requested to see her in the parlor. Her husband knew nothing of the request, and Wilford had been absent from the house at the time, consequently Helen had gone, not knowing who her caller was until he announced himself. Flynn, smarting under the tongue-lashing which he had received from Major Carlisle, had decided upon a course of revenge. At first, as has been seen, he tried to give Wilford the information in his possession, hoping thereby to satisfy his greed for money by sponging Wilford upon the strength of the alleged service, and also hoping to revenge himself upon his old master by turning his friend against him, and possibly getting up a quarrel between the two gentlemen. He had swallowed his anger at being kicked down stairs for the sake of getting even with his former victim, but when he found his scheme of making Wilford the depository of his knowledge and at the same time the vehicle of his vengeance, he turned his attention to Helen.

With her he was successful in so far that he relieved his mind of the burden of the story of his connection with the breaking up of her engagement with Wilford. The fellow had worked very shrewdly and adroitly, first interesting her by telling of

his companionship with servants in her father's house, and then gradually unfolding the story of his trip to Europe in the interest of her husband, and the work which he had done there. The information was so completely a surprise to Helen that she was dazed for a moment, but she quickly called to her aid all of her dignity and told Terrence that she had heard enough, and that he could take his departure and never disturb her again with any more such scandalous stories. She threatened him that she would tell her husband if he ever came to her again, and gave Mr. Terrence very little ground for self-satisfaction at his work as an informer.

Then Flynn grew desperate. Up to this point, he had confined himself to the truth, but now, seeing his hopes of making either money for himself or trouble for his former employer, he made one grand final master-stroke for victory by manufacturing, upon the spur of the moment, a stupendous lie. Barring Helen's exit from the room, by standing between her and the door, he in a few rapidly uttered words poured into her ears a terrible tale of imaginary indiscretions of the Major's, both before and since his marriage. He told Helen that her husband had never been true to her, and that his desire to marry her had only been born of the fact that the Major's financial affairs were at the time in such a condition that he had seized upon the project of a marriage with the heiress as a means of avoiding the shipwreck of his estate. He had known all this as the Major's confidential servant, and only told it now out of sympathy for a wronged woman and to ease a troubled conscience. All of which, Helen, too bewildered to reason, had listened to, and finally had begged the verbose Irishman to leave her.

All day she had avoided her husband as much as possible, and when with him was either silent or unusually lively, at times in her excited state treating him playfully. She was too proud to have him suspect the discovery which she had made. She had never loved him, of course, but up to that moment she had believed him devoted to her. After she had learned from Wilford that there had been some treacherous interference with their correspondence, her love for Wilford had awakened from its slumber,

and had been stronger than at first. She had often thought and wondered who could have sent the mischievous telegram, but whenever the suggestion of a suspicion of her husband had arisen, she had indignantly spurned the idea. Her respect for him had been most profound. She had told herself often that only that she did not love him, he was as desirable a husband as Wilford. That he loved her she could not doubt, and in every detail of life he had been the soul of honor. It had been a hard trial being constantly brought into Wilford's society the past few days, but she had tried to act as discreetly as possible, and had kept from his presence as much as possible because she thought it right. When she heard the story from Terrence Flynn's lips she had no doubt of its truth. Flynn, she remembered as having been around her father's house at about the time that Wilford was abroad. His story accounted for the telegram, and his story of Carlisle's financial strait, and that his marriage was only a means to the end of getting out of the difficulty, seemed plausible with the other portion of the affair. A man who would be mean and dishonorable enough to marry a woman for her fortune, she argued, would be base enough to forge a telegram; and if he married her only for her money, what more natural for a man so low than to be untrue to his marriage vows? So the poor man, who had never had his wife's love, from an object of only cool liking amounting almost to indifference, became to the frantic woman an object of positive hatred that day. Only for a moment did her heart relent, and that was just as she was leaving him that evening, when something in his childish, pathetic look of weak suffering, caused her to doubt for a moment, his guilt. With the quick impulsiveness of her woman's nature, she had, as we have seen, turned back and kissed him good night. But as soon as she had gone from his sight and she looked into the face of the man she loved—the face lined with trouble and getting old before its time—another revulsion of feeling took place; her love for Wilford burned brighter than ever, and her contempt for her husband was greater than before.

They walked far away from the busy street, speaking only occasionally, and at

last, nearing a little park, Helen proposed that they enter and rest for a moment. Seating themselves, they conversed upon the beauty of the scene for a few moments and then were silent again. Nothing broke the stillness but the plashing of a fountain a short distance away, and the feeble chirp of a cricket, until Helen suddenly spoke:

"Wilford," she said, "I tried to speak to you this afternoon, but was interrupted. I have something which I must say to you or die. Do you remember the night before you left home, saying that it must have been my husband who sent that telegram?"

"Yes," he answered, compressing his lips and feeling what would come next.

"I never thought," continued Helen, speaking rapidly, "that it was he, until to-day. I have always believed that I had married a man good and honorable, and could not believe that he would stoop so low. But now I know him to be one of the basest. I have learned to-day that he not only sent the telegram, but that he had not even the excuse of love for me to palliate the cowardly act. I never loved him, Wilford; you had all my love—have it still. But I have respected him until this day. I have fought my love and tried to be a good wife to him. I have suffered, only God knows what, during the last two years. I have wept bitter tears, and I have prayed that I might be true to him. True to what? True to a man who did not love me; who wished to marry me for my fortune; true to a man who robbed me of my only love, and who has been the cause of years of suffering to both you and me! Will I still be true to him? Shall the tie of words where there was no union of hearts on either side keep us apart for the rest of our lives as it has already for years? Will I live longer with my enemy and yours? No! no! no! A thousand times, no! Wilford, you love me still; I have seen it in your face since I came here. Take me away from here! take me away from him forever!"

"Helen! Helen! For God's sake don't tempt me!" cried Wilford, springing from his seat and standing in front of her. "I have been sorely tempted all these years, and have had your strength as the main barrier against myself. To fly away with you and bid good-bye to all the world, and

have only each other, looks to me like a glimpse of heaven! That it was your husband who caused the trouble, I know, and have known for weeks. I learned it from his own lips, but he was my friend, is my friend, and I have kept silent."

"Wilford," she said, "do you love him better than you do me?"

"No! no!" he cried, clasping her in his arms, "that is friendship, this is love!"

"And Wilford, you are all the world there is to me, now. My darling, I have wronged you all these years. I should have gone with you before. Nothing should weigh against love. I seem to have been blind before; now I can see. My darling, we will never be parted again, will we?"

Silently, they stood clasped in each others embrace. Again the plash of the fountain rang out loud and the cricket sang his monotonous song in the tall grass. Suddenly before Wilford's mind came the picture of a pale, wan face and hollow, dark eyes looking trustingly into his, and like a trumpet's blast came the words:

"Take good care of her, Keene!"

Almost flinging her from him, he sprang back exclaiming, "Great God! This must not be! We are mad! Helen, what has changed you so? You have been my safeguard from evil all this time, and now you are tempting me more than I was ever tempted before! The sin and wrong which we would do now is tenfold greater than it would have been before!"

Astonished, and suddenly awakened to a sense of the position to which her passion had brought her, the woman stood before her lover, crushed and humiliated. For one moment she stood with drooping head and clasped hands, and then falling upon the seat she dropped her face upon her folded arms, exclaiming:

"O Wilford, my heart is broken!"

As Wilford gazed upon her the feeling of honor which had possessed him gave way to one of tenderness. Softly, kneeling beside her, he took one of her hands and gently said:

"Helen, my love; life has been very dark to us, but sometime the light must come. Since I left you ten years ago, I have learned many things. I met your husband, and before I knew that he was your husband he had become my friend. He did not know

that I was the man whom he had wronged, but the last night of his health and strength he told me his story, and then I learned, for the first time, that he was your husband. He was guilty of separating us; but he did it for love of you. *I know this, Helen.* He loves you more than all the world, and next to his love for you comes his friendship for me. He robbed me of my love when he did not know or care whom he was wronging. I would have wronged him as much two years ago when your strength and devotion to right kept me from the sin. The account between your husband and myself was balanced then. I have forgiven him; doubtless he would forgive me if he knew all. If I should yield to this temptation to-night, I would do a far greater wrong than he did, for I would be robbing my friend who placed his dearest treasure in my keeping to-night. Helen, darling, we must wait. It will not be long, I think, but there is only this to do. I will take you back to him now. Be patient, Helen; forgive him as I have done, and remember that his only great sin was committed for love of you, even as I would have done as great a wrong for your dear sake.

Slowly they walked back to the hotel, Helen with drooping head and silently falling tears. She was again her noble self, ready to do right, a more gentle feeling toward her husband, and with the smart humility which escaped temptation always brings, filling her heart. They spoke but little during the walk. The hour was getting late, and the streets comparatively deserted. When they arrived Helen went at once to her own room, and Wilford going to the door of the Major's apartment, listened for a moment. All was still, and thinking his friend asleep, Wilford went out upon the balcony and sat down. He felt weary after the excitement of the past hour, and he remained thinking for about an half hour.

Finally he arose, and entering the house, he walked quietly along the hall, and opening the door easily, entered the Major's room. The light was turned low, but he could see his friend lying upon his side, the bed-clothes drawn closely around the throat. Going to the bedside, he bent his head and looked into his face. Something in its look startled Wilford, and he placed his hand upon the brow.

It was icy cold. With a quick exclamation Wilford sprang back and turned up the light. Something bright and crimson upon the sheet and white spread flashed in the bright light. He quickly threw back the bed-clothes, and the movement threw some-

thing with a metallic clatter upon the floor. With a shriek, Wilford seized the bell-knob and rang a peal which resounded throughout the house.

His friend lay dead before him, with a ghastly wound in his breast!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

By-Gones of the Old Army.

NUMBER TWO.

In our former number we gave as taken from the lips of General Scott, on the steamer Illinois, in 1837, an interesting sketch of the repeated crossing of bayonets in 1814 at Lundy's Lane, by the 21st United States Infantry under General Hugh Brady, and the 21st British foot, commanded by Colonel Basden, and their dreadful onslaught on each other, until Generals Scott, Worth, Wool and Brady were all carried off from the field severely wounded, and the Americans, after encamping all night at the heights of Lundy's Lane, in the morning fell back and left the battle-ground covered with blood, each party carrying off its wounded and dead, and each glad to escape from the presence and prowess of the other.

After over twenty years of peace and prosperity of both nations, the two old heroes—brave soldiers, gallant chieftains, noble and chivalric, but modest warriors—were to meet once more on the northern frontier of Canada and the United States, the one holding a command of British troops at Malden, in Canada, and the other having in hand a battalion of some 700 or 800 raw recruits, and the old Brady Guards of Detroit, about 120 strong, a most thoroughly drilled and splendid corps, composed of the *élite* of the young men of Detroit; to preserve and maintain the neutrality laws of the United States, to arrest and deliver over to the civil authorities of the United States, all patriots, or scoundrels, who should in violation of those laws, invade Canada, and then retreat to our shores, and above all other things to see to it that no British red-

coat should, under any circumstances, cross our boundary line to arrest or touch an American citizen, no matter what the provocation, and no matter what his crimes. If caught in Canada, these patriots, of course, could be tried by British courts, martial or civil, and shot as enemies, in war or peace, but if they should escape, as nearly all of them did do, and flee back to the United States, then the American flag and United States judges, attorneys and marshals could alone protect them and seize, capture, imprison and punish all violations of our own laws. Of course the wildest excitement prevailed on both sides among the people from Port Huron, Michigan, clear away down to Quebec, from whose citadel Dr. E. A. Theller, an Irish patriot, had escaped; and especially at Niagara Falls, where the Caroline, an American steamer running down to the falls, had been cut out by British subjects, and set afire, drifted down and over the falls, on which at least one American citizen had lost his life, and General Scott, the Great Peace Maker in war, was flying up and down the frontier, warning the British authorities not to put foot on American soil at the peril of war, and at the same time was warning, entreating and threatening Americans, that if they violated our neutrality laws, he would by force of arms arrest them one and all and turn them over to the United States courts, attorneys and marshals, for severe punishment, which in several instances were inflicted on those who dared to violate our statutes. A more delicate and responsible duty never devolved on American soldiers, to thus preserve the peace of two friendly

nations, to maintain inviolate our own soil, to quiet the turbulence of American frontiersmen, and at the same time to keep every British foot from tramping on the sacred soil of America, no matter how aggravating the conduct of our people. "If you catch them in Canada," said General Scott, "punish them as you choose; if they escape into our lines, lay not your hands upon them, touch not a hair of their heads, lest the American Eagle should tear out the eyes of the British Lion; leave our courts to punish its own criminals, or by the Eternal, Canada will be annexed by force of arms."

In all the history of our army from the attack on Bunker Hill down to the surrender of Richmond, there is no brighter page, showing in clearer colors the patriotism, the purity, the honor and glory of our generals in its ranks, and Scott and Worth and Wool and Brady and Macomb and Jackson are names that will forever stand side by side with those of Washington, Gates, Putnam, Lee and Sherman, Grant, Sheridan, Meade, and their brave compeers in the Revolutionary and Union armies of 1776 and 1865.

During the winters of 1835-'36 and '37, while these raids were being made by vast bodies of stragglers, tramps, and deluded patriots from various points on the frontier into Canada, the weather was mild, and soft as in midsummer, and ploughs were going on the prairies of Michigan and Illinois nearly every month in the year, and so the God of Nature seemed to smile on the fruitless attempts of these straggling bands without camps or overcoats, or clothing to guard them against inclemency and disease incident to winter campaigns, but on the 1st of February, 1838, all this was instantly changed, and the severest cold for many a year came suddenly down on the Detroit river, and in a single night it was closed up with ice from Lake St. Clair, clear away down into Lake Erie, so that teams and artillery and batteries could be passed over as if upon a macadamized pavement. The old steamer United States left Buffalo for Detroit on the 27th of January, 1838, with 750 recruits for Detroit, and with General Scott and his staff, including Worth and Wool, and his aides-de-camp, and safely landed them there the night of the 31st before navigation was closed up. Snow fell

for the first time in that winter to a great depth, and on Saturday, the 4th of February, 1838, the alarm bells of Detroit, about 2 p. m., sounded the tocsin for the troops to turn out, and couriers from below brought news to General Brady "that the patriots in large force had crossed over from the river Ecorse on to Fighting Island, in Canada, had taken possession of it and were fortifying it with batteries of artillery, and were soon to be attacked by the British troops at Malden, under Colonel Basden, who had avowed his purpose to attack and drive them back into the United States, and to follow, capture and to kill them on American soil, regardless of the United States authorities. Our whole command was instantly mustered, placed in sleighs, and by 4 p. m. of that day were all placed in line, under command of General Brady, who was accompanied by Ross Wilkins, United States Judge; Colonel Daniel Goodwin, United States Attorney, and Conrad Ten Eyck, United States Marshal, acting as a civil posse, while the troops numbered some 700 or 800. From our position we could see the camp fires of the patriots on Fighting Island, their incipient and imperfect and incomplete defences, while all along the Detroit river for miles below were straggling parties of unarmed men crossing on the ice to join the forces over there. But as we had no authority to arrest or retain *unarmed people*, we had to let them go.

The cold was intense, and with their heavy overcoats and blankets around their bodies, our soldiers suffered severely. No sooner were the American troops in position, than Gen. Brady, then almost 76 years of age, straight as an arrow, brave as Cæsar, patriotic and pure as Washington, summoned to his side two lieutenants, his own military aid, and Edmund Kearsely, 2nd Lieutenant Brady Guards, and detailed them to proceed on the ice to Malden, Canada, with all despatch, and there "to present to Col. Basden his special regards, and to say to him, 'I, Gen. Hugh Brady, of the United States Army, am here with several hundred troops, and also with all the civil officers of the United States government of Michigan, to enforce our neutrality laws, and that we will arrest and hand over to our courts, all armed men either going to or

coming from Fighting Island; and that we will furnish all proper aid to the British authorities, in the protection of their soil against lawless intruders from the American shore." In less than two hours these couriers stood in the presence of Col. Basden, at Malden, who was then at dinner, and like an old soldier, was full of wine and shrub punch, a favorite drink in Canada in those days; and so forgetful of the courtesies of military life even among open and armed enemies, Col. Basden, without even asking the messengers to take a seat or a drink, hastily read the dispatch and then curtly replied, "Give Col. Basden's regards to Gen. Brady, United States army, and say to him, that while I have the highest regard for him as an officer, that I have none for the civil officers of the United States; that the British Government needs no aid from the United States in protecting its soil from the invasion of the vagabonds and scalawags called patriots that are threatening our frontier; that I will attack those devils on Fighting Island during this night, and will disperse them, and if they retreat to the American shore I will follow them there, capture and kill them, wherever I may overtake or find them, regardless of the laws or authorities of the United States."

With this message they were sent back to General Brady, the same old hero who had met Basden in 1814 at Lundy's Lane, and no sooner did he receive it than, causing the long roll to be beaten, the whole command was turned out, formed in a hollow square, and the gray-headed old warrior reported to the men his message, and the insulting reply thereto, and calling for a detachment of men he sent them to mid channel on the ice, and the boundary line between Canada and the United States, and ordered guide flags posted in the ice for some three miles up and down the channel, and after that was done, uncovering his gray head, while the troops all followed his example, he said:

"*Men, Soldiers:* Yonder is the line that separates the United States from Canada. If a British red-coat crosses that line and comes on to American ground, I charge you to attack and beat them back at all hazards. American troops will enforce American laws on American soil, and if one drop of American blood is shed by British troops

on American soil, yonder is Canada—we will take it."

Cheers followed this command, and the troops wheeled back into line and resumed their former positions to wait and watch. The night moved on, and the cold increased until even the breath of the sentinels would freeze as they sung out the watch cry, "Past twelve o'clock and all's well." But just as day was beginning to dawn, we heard rumbling along on the ice over on the British shore—the artillery moving up—and with the first ray of light their guns opened on Fighting Island, and as the shot struck the camp of the patriots and ricocheted among the trees, we could plainly see its pathway. The American troops were instantly in line of battle on our shores, and directly the patriots began to retreat in squads, and as fast as they came over within our boundary we captured them and turned them over to the United States Marshal, who sent them off to prison at Detroit. About 10 o'clock of that cold Sunday, when all was ready, the British soldiers in two divisions marched on to Fighting Island from above and below, and captured all the cannon, entrenchments and camps of the patriots, and as they fled towards our shore they marched out on to the ice, and with drums beating and flags flying, they slowly marched clear up to our flags on the boundary line, but there halted, wheeled and marched up and down until a British regiment of "red-coats" was formed in line of battle in our front, just over the Canada line, whence they counter-marched to their own shore, and left General Brady to enforce American neutrality laws on American soil. Of course we were all rejoiced at their movement, as chasing patriots and scalawags was much less dangerous warfare than going into Canada over a splendid body of beef-eating, beer-drinking British troops, some 1,200 strong, and so the cooler judgment of Colonel Basden, and the resolute, brave and determined pluck of his old adversary, General Hugh Brady, then and there saved England and the United States from a bloody war, engendered and created solely by the reckless lawlessness of a large body of Canadians and citizens of the United States who were regardless of all laws.

But let us draw our imperfect sketch of these old veterans of the war of 1812, and

the patriot war of 1836-'37 and '38 on the frontier, Col. Basden and General Hugh Brady, to a close; by a brief recital of that last happy meeting in each other's arms at the old Michigan Exchange, in Detroit, in 1839, where amidst flags and flowers, at the dinner table, with wine and wassail, they finally met, kissed each other like girls, wept and drank together, then parted forever; and now sleep the last sleep of the warriors

"Who have fought their last battle.
No sound can awake them
To glory again."

At the close of the patriot troubles on the Northern frontier in 1839, and when peace became assured by the gigantic efforts of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States, Lord Ashburton and General Winfield Scott, the American officers at Detroit invited Gen. Aieny and his fellow-officers at Malden, to a social dinner at the old Michigan Exchange. And they came like gallant soldiers and splendid gentlemen, and there met in their striking scarlet jackets with their tattered banners and golden badges of honor won at Badajos, Salamanca, Waterloo, etc., and were received by Gen. Brady, Gen. Henry Whiting, Generals Wool, Worth and Brook, and all the American officers then in the northwest, amidst clarion notes of the bugle, the rattling drum beat, and shrilly fife, with all the honors that one brave band of soldiers could bestow on another. A table was spread and orna-

mented with the flags and trophies of England and the United States, and an orchestra collected of the bands of both people, and the arrangements were so made that as the veterans marched to their seats at the table, amidst the stirring strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" Col. Basden, of the 21st British foot, of 1814, and Hugh Brady, of the 21st United States infantry, should meet at the head of the cortege for the first time since they crossed bayonets at Lundy's Lane, in June, 1814. Grizzled gray heads, but straight as arrows, they moved on until meeting each other face to face, they embraced, fell into each other's arms, kissed and hugged, like two long separated lovers, and then were cheered and applauded by all the old soldiers in that splendid galaxy of brave and conquering heroes. Such a dinner was scarcely ever seen elsewhere. Such stories of brave deeds in arms in all the battles of the Peninsula, and in our own lands. Such outpouring of wine. Such a jolly set of old soldiers had scarcely ever met; but the eyes of all were constantly turned on those two brave and tried officers who, after a twenty years' separation from the conflict of war at Lundy's Lane, now met amidst the joys and glories of peace, and as the night wore on and songs and speeches and jokes and drinks increased, until the lights faded away before the rising sun, we all took one grand bumper to our guests, and then realized in its fullest force, that "Peace hath her victories and glories no less brilliant and renowned than war."

GEO. C. BATES,
Orderly Sergeant Brady Guards.



❖ Uncle Jube's Philosophy. ❖

Don't pack bad news, hits gwine to leave hits smell on yer.

Jealousy allers makes de human dat has it think less of hissef.

'Fliction is like a sledge-hammer dat flattens you out, an' sympathy is de little hand-hammer dat shapes you up agin.

Frenship is de only rose bush dat hain't got no stickers on it.

People have ben 'quirin' fur long time 'bout what makes a haungry niggah so slick at stealin' chickens. Dey's furgot dat need-cessity is de mudder of invention.

I'se heerd a heap in my time 'bout de "eternal fitness of things," but I'se only heerd 'bout it—I never seed it.

Heap er people does talkin' dat borrows de stock. One owl a hootin' in a holler kin make you think de woods is full o' 'em.

Pooty nigh everybody wants to live a long time, but none on 'em wants to git ole. Dis shows de onreasonableness of human nature. Hits 'kin to kickin' at just bills.

Larnin' comes little at a time. You has ter crawl 'fo' you kin walk.

Ef you sink a well deep 'nuf you ar' shore to strike water, an' mos' every man has tears somewhar in his heart.

Ef we all loved de Lawd like we does wimmin, de millenium would be hyar—dat good time when roas' possum grows on fence posts.

Yo' sweethart beats er angel, but dars times when yo' wife beats de debbil.

Dar's people 'nough named Gawge Washington to prove dat de old man waz de fadder of his country, but dey haint a lookin' arter de picket posts like Gawge tole 'em to do. In his day 'twarn't a black mark to be a 'Merikin. 'Tis now, dough, ef you's a cauditate fur office. I haint been foolin' 'round dese yar low-grounds of sorrow dese evah so many years not to see nuffin. Dar's gwine ter be a big kick 'mongst de youngsters some er dese yar long-come-shorts.

Chillun is de folks I likes an' hankers arter. De ole folks is gwine to look arter deyselves. Ef you take good keer er de young uns dey's gwine to take keer uv you when you mos' needs it. Dey haint got so fur back to 'member.



AUNT SIS TABB.

'Way down by de big Jeems rivah—

At home whar I was bawn—

'An whar I spent my youmger days,

A-hocin' in de cawn,

I useter hab a good ole wife,

De white folks called Sis Tabb,

But one sad day we laid her 'neath,

Whar now's a cold gray slab.

CHORUS.

Den I longs to see de place

Whar ole Sis Tabb is laid,

Down by de big Jeems rivah, whar

De posies bloom an' fade.

Many's de time when Jube was ailin'—

Couldn't hold up his row,—

Sis Tabb retch out an' help a hill

Wid her own long-handled hoe;

Many's de night, in possum time

When woods was turnin' drab,

I'se brung dem tile-tail roamers in

Fur good ole Aunt Sis Tabb.

I'se roamed aroun' right smart chance, sah,—

Had lots er freus thew life,

But none was good, and squar an true,

Like dat my po' ole wife.

No kinder pusson ever lived,

An' earth will nebbur hab

A warmer heart or better soul,

Dan good ole Aunt Sis Tabb.

Work is a law dat was handed down 'fo' Moses evah retch fur de tablets. Hit means limberin' up de joints, an dat's de kind er grease dat makes de world go 'long. Hit's heap better to war out den hit is to rus' out. 'Sides hit makes yo vittals tase better. De hours is mighty long to de loufer, an' loafers is alers broke an' borrowin'.

Nuffin is so liable to give a man de big-head as to 'sociate wid dem dat's 'neath him.

De prondest an' most 'sponsible place on yarth is to be a mother. She brings 'fo' de judgment er immortal soul dat she don't know de secrets on.

People dat put on a'rs is sailin' under borrowed plumes. Nature don't make no pertensions. She's just what she am, an' she can't be any am-er.

Faith, Hope an' Charity is kinfolks. When you 'sociates wid one you's pooty shore to be mighty well 'quainted wid de balance er de fam'ly.

All goodness lives forevah. Hit comes back like de ev'ry-other-day fevern-ager. De man what writ "Home, Sweet Home," is 'joyin' de music yit. He's got mo' life now dan he had afo' he died. "His soul goes marchin' on."

Love is its own father and mother. Ev'rybody loves a lovah of his kind. Nobody on yarth kin pet a 'possum but a niggah.

A heap er people calls dar curiosity an' self-importance, sympathy. De objects of dar sympathy ginally starves to death, ef somebody else don't sorter retch out.

De mos' pitiful fool on dis footstool is de man dat fools hissef, an' he is a man what's stuck up. He could larn sompen by stickin' his fist in de sea, an' den pullin' it out an' lookin' for de hole.

Yes, old 'oman, yo' teapot is cracked, but you's got a heap bettah buttah-dish den Missus Jones' is. Ef yo' gwine to madjer yo' happiness by dat of udder people, madjer all aroun'.

De wheel of fortune is sot up like a mill-wheel. Ef you hang on to it you can't allers be on top.

'Nuther reason why de talk about de "Eternal fitness of things" is a lie, is kase dar's many a vice dat will make frens fur you, while de practice of lots of de virtues will drive some er yo' frens away. Dar is people who will say dat sich frens aint wuff havin'. But lemme tell you, a fren' is a fren', if he's true. No matter what he is in a social or moral scale, de word fren' don't mean but one thing.

Notes and Notions.

A timber business—lumbering around.

A good way to win with cards is to throw them away.

A Welsh sentence looks as if some of the most important letters had dropped out.

Last but not leasaid said the landlord of a new row of tenements which he had just completed.

It is now thought that Col. Frank James may be found guilty of carrying concealed weapons.

Sometimes when a man isn't able to foot his bills he feels like at least booting the chap who brings them around.

It is shocking bad to fool a fellow into taking hold of the poles of an electric battery when it is in business condition.

Some of the girls are so anxious about arranging their hair prettily and fashionably, that they can't leave a room without banging the door.

An exchange tells of an accomplished monkey that blows his nose on a handkerchief. That paper ought to have a photograph of some of Denver's "mashers."

"I understand you are writing a book," said a gossip to a literary man. "Yes," was the reply. "What are you going to write on?" was the next query. "Paper," replied the laconic author.

The Kansas City *Journal* says that the greatest mistake which the *Times*, of the same town, ever made, was to mention Judah P. Benjamin as Josiah P. If that is the case the *Times* should be congratulated. There are not many newspapers so old as the *Times* that have not made many much greater mistakes.

Alonzo Schwartz, the fat and funny comedian of Milton Noble's company, will star next season in a new play called "Lena's Luck," written for him by Stanley Wood and Will L. Visscher.

"Would you take me for a married man?" he said, and she replied that she wouldn't take him for anything unless he would promise to quit using tobacco and quit the lodge and promise never to join a club.

The Fremont County *Record* published at Canon City, Colorado, is one of the neatest papers typographically in the State, and it is edited with unusual good judgment, and has a cheerful appearance of newness.

On the 9th day of this month "eighteen years will have been added to the cycles of the past since war bowed to us his sable plume," and General Lee surrendered the beaten hosts of the Confederacy to General Grant at Appomatox.

Tarrytown has a newspaper called *The Pump*, and our own *Queen Bee* thinks that some woman should now start the *Cistern*. Well, how would it do to *Spring the Hydrant*? The "sistern" ought to be able to get up some sort of a stream.

Some one writes insisting that women cannot become journalists. This is a mistake. Nothing is more becoming to a journalist at an evening party or the opera, or something of that sort, than a handsome, well-dressed lady by his side.

Talmage says that spanking children "should be done in a way to make the lesson sink into their little hearts." The popular receipt for reaching a grown man's heart has always been through his stomach. But this is an age of progress, anyway.

A four-year-old West Denver girl recently went with her mother to visit a neighboring family named Babson. There was a new baby there, and the little girl was very much interested in it. On their return home, the little girl's mother gave her a doll to play with, but she threw it scornfully aside, saying, "Don't want old Dolly; I want a meat baby like Babson's."

Following is the list of engagements for the Tabor Grand Opera House for April: Week beginning the 2d, McCaull Opera Company, in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief." Week of the 9th, Mestayer's Tourists. Week of the 16th, Lawrence Barrett; change of bill every night. Week of the 23d, Alice and Louis Harrison. Week of the 30th, Robson and Crane. All of which are attractions of the highest order.

The Rev. John Jasper who has so long argued that "De sun, hit do move," has finally become exasperated, and declines to argue any further with those who disbelieve a plain and unequivocal assertion of the

inspired scriptures. He says he will waste no more words on such lunatics. The Rev. Jasper has faith which he practices, and there are many learned people who could profit by his example—so far as faith goes.

The legislature of Missouri has passed what is known as the high license law, that is, a law increasing the license tax on drinking saloons almost to the point of prohibition. The object of the law is, and no doubt its effect will be, to wipe out of existence the lower class of saloons, which are not only drinking places, but the rendezvous of social outlaws of every grade, and the nurseries of every species of immorality and crime. The law applies to all cities and towns having a population of more than 2,500. A local option law—which means absolute prohibition in any county or town, when a majority of the voters are in favor of it—has been on the statute book of the State for years, and is in operation in a great many counties and towns. Between the two, Missouri may very fairly be said to lead the advance in sensible and practical temperance legislation.

The graceful diction, poetic tinting and easy eloquence of Comrade E. K. Stimson, Department Commander, in social speech-making are the causes of his being in such request on occasions of "toney" presentations and the like. His latest hit in this line was when at the Vienna Cafe, on Saturday night, the 24th ult., in behalf of admiring journalists, and in the presence of many ladies and gentlemen, he made a delightful speech to Miss Minnie Maddern with the presentation of an exquisitely beautiful pair of diamond solitaire ear-rings. The charming and talented little lady, though really and truly taken entirely by surprise, was equal to the occasion, and responded in pretty words and pleasing ones, and among the most pleasing were those which clothed her promise to make Denver her home when she shall select an abiding place after her histrionic triumphs shall have been consummated.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of a late date says: "There have been few occasions recently so notable in the theatrical world as the benefit given to Miss Kate Castleton at the Bush Street theatre last evening. The place was packed, up stairs and down, and the familiar play gave apparently as much pleasure as it ever has done, to an audience made up principally of people who have seen it before. The appearance of the pretty *beneficiaire* in the song which she has made her own was the signal for the most enthusiastic applause. She was encored several times, and in the course of the scene, one after another, came a number of floral pieces, two of which were equal, if not superior, to that presented to her some time ago. The first was an outline banner, in which the words "Our

Kate" were worked in flowers, and the whole was surmounted by a dove. The second was a full-size figure of a Quaker girl, in violets and almond blossoms, with "For Goodness' Sake Don't Say I Told You!" on the apron. Attached to two small bouquets were two little jewel-cases, said to contain diamonds worth \$1,500, and an elegant ivory toilet set and a handsome fan were among the presents. Miss Perry was the recipient of a beautiful ship in flowers, and the others were also kindly remembered. Mr. Mackay's reception was very flattering, and Miss Alma Stanley's male impersonations were a long way the best things she has done here. Mr. Mackay received the most practical admiration of the season. A little bouquet had a card attached, on which was written: "From an admiring girl, who sighs to sew up a hole under the left arm of your coat."

Rev. Geo. W. Gallagher, pastor of the Fourth Unitarian church, New York, exhibits more every day "horse sense" in his remarks about the "Passion Play," than any of the over-righteous recalcitrants who have been making so much fuss about it. He only objects to the name. He says: "If Morse had called it an exhibition of the New Testament, events and customs, he would have been better understood; there would have been less objection, and he would have been praised instead of cried down. Its sentiment is excellent, and there is nothing in it immoral." The reverend gentleman thinks he would rather see it performed than go to many churches and hear ministers who make buffoons and clowns of themselves. The truth is that those who have seen Morse's play—which this writer has—are certain that it is a grand and instructive moral lesson, after the manner of object teaching, and the larger majority of those who have witnessed it, have learned more in two hours, of the life of Christ, than they had learned in all their lives before. From this, one is led to believe, that the growlers who kick against it, knowing what it is, only fear that it may justly take their places as Christian teachers. It certainly teaches the lessons of Christ, without losing sight of that greatest of all of the tripartite of virtues, charity, which those preachers seem to drop who oppose the "Passion Play." With beautiful and appropriate scenery, impressive and soul-stirring music, the accomplished actor can do more for Christ and his cause, than the narrow-minded bigot who rants and fumes in his pulpit, endeavoring to prove that a just and merciful God is a fiend, who will only save souls according to their plans. The world, as wisdom grows apace, will down such devilry yet.

During the week beginning March 19th, Miss Minnie Maddern played at the Tabor Grand her piece, entitled "Fogg's Ferry," to good business. She has been

performing as "Chip" in this play about one year, and has made money and pleased her audiences. After her first appearance in Denver the newspapers went to berating the play and praising the actress. She has been the recipient from this source of much advice. She is told to play "Fanchon," "Mignon," "Little Nell," and a great many other things except "Chip," and yet she is told that she gets more out of "Chip" and "Fogg's Ferry" than the part and piece contain. Our advice to Miss Maddern is to stick to "Chip" and "Fogg's Ferry" until the public tire of the latter, then she can have "Chip" run into something else. So long as the public is pleased and she is making money, she will do better for herself and the public, than to sacrifice success to good taste. Critically "Fogg's Ferry" is a lot of "rot," but the public should have what it wants. There is an entire nation which is fond of Limburger cheese, and there are several other nations that think it bad, but who would suggest such a thing as prohibiting the lover of Limburger from eating his favorite relish. The chances are that if Miss Maddern should take to "Fanchon," "Little Nell," or something of that sort, the public would let her play to empty benches. Not that Miss Maddern wouldn't do her part well in anything she might essay, but the public knows when it has enough of anything, and it won't take any more of the same, no matter how well served. We should feel sorry to see so bright and deserving a little lady as Miss Maddern exchange "Chip" for even "Rosalind," if in the one the public wants her while in the other only the critics do. Outside of snobdom, success and money are reached in melo-drama and sensation in these days, except in rare cases of the most transcendent genius in exceedingly brilliant drama. The real public desires its entertainment flavored very highly, snobdom pursues something that is fashionable and doesn't care what is on the stage so it is quoted as the "proper thing." The little minority that seeks for something artistic, aesthetic, tasteful and worthy, doesn't support the theatre. So, Miss Minnie, hold tight to "Fogg's Ferry," if it is financial success you desire, or else work yourself into something that is exceedingly "toney" and cater to the fools that fool themselves, and be knowingly dishonest in art to hold the place. There is money in either. But unless you are certain that you are as great as the greatness which carries the world before it—the general public, the discriminating public, and the lah-da-dah public—be content to do what you are doing so well, and when your purse shall be long and deep and richly filled you may snap your fingers at those who might feel inclined to criticise your dramatic taste—but who wouldn't do it then. These be times when nothing succeeds like success, and when money will buy respectability, fame, and the high opinion of those who assume to have the disposal of those *desiderata*.

Grand Army Gossip.

There are several Grand Army posts in Georgia and other Southern States.

Every Grand Army post in this Department will come to the Reunion in full uniform.

The National Encampment and Reunion of the Grand Army begins in Denver, July 24.

The Grand Army in Ohio expended over \$5,000 last year for the relief of needy comrades.

Pennsylvania has the largest membership of the Grand Army, New York next, and Ohio next.

A battalion of Grand Army men from New Hampshire has been organized to attend the Denver Reunion.

There will be a strong contest for Commander-in-Chief for the next term at the next National Encampment.

A monument to Kit Carson is to be erected in New Mexico by the members of the Grand Army of that Territory.

A patriotic firm of Des Moines, Iowa, has presented all the members of Robert Anderson Post, of that city, with swords and belts.

United States Senator P. B. Plumb is one of the delegates from the Department of Kansas to the National Encampment at Denver.

James A. Garfield Post, of Leadville, has organized a "sheepskin band" with twenty-four snare drums, to attend the National Reunion.

Many members of Nelson Post, of Newport, Kentucky, suffered from the late floods, and other posts have been assisting the distressed comrades.

An effort will be made to have a general Encampment of the State militia at the same time the National Grand Army Republic Encampment is held. This is a good idea.

A. Lincoln Post of this city has organized a "sheepskin band" of twelve drums and seven fifes, which is being thoroughly drilled by Drum Major Spencer, and which will be on the streets for the next parade.

Senator Tom Bowen, of Colorado, is an enthusiastic Grand Army man, being a member of A. Lincoln Post, Denver, and the newly elected Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is also a zealous member of the order.

The Grand Army Free Employment Agency is doing good work at room 7, in the Burlington block. Numbers of the "old boys" are getting work through this means, and both employes and employers are satisfied.

Applications for charters for new posts in this Department have been received from Grand Junction and Jamestown, Colorado; Landers City, Wyoming, and Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Socorro and Silver City, New Mexico.

A. Lincoln, No. 4, and Phil. Kearney, No. 19, of this city, are both growing rapidly. They are getting to have a fine stereopticon and all the other improvements for the muster-in ceremony as soon as they get into their new quarters on Curtis street.

The Grand Army posts in this city will have a spacious and elegant hall within the next six weeks. The room constructed expressly for the Order in Euclid Hall is now much too small to accommodate A. Lincoln Post, which has a membership of over 300.

Kit Carson Post, No. 25, Department of Colorado, was mustered in at Placer, Colorado, on the 12th ult., by Comrade L. D. Phillips, Aide-de-Camp on the staff of the Department Commander. It is a large and enthusiastic post. The roster of officers is given under the proper head in this magazine.

Wagoner Post No. 31, Independence, Mo., is named for the late Capt. S. W. Wagoner, of the Second Colorado Cavalry, and the officers are anxious to secure a photograph of him for enlargement. Any one having such will confer a great favor by sending it to Capt. Geo. West, Golden, Colo. It will be returned in a short time.

Department Commander Stimson, with Assistant Adjutant General B. K. Kimberly, Commissary of Subsistence W. H. Gardner, Aides-de-Camp Thos. Mulqueen and L. D. Phillips, Chief Mustering Officer T. F. Brown, and Assistant Inspector-General on the National Staff Will. L. Visscher, went to Trinidad on the 27th ult., to muster in a new post there. The post is named E. R. S. Canby, No. 27. Particulars will be given in next issue.

The growth of the Grand Army since the beginning of Commander-in-Chief Van Der Voort's administration has been scarcely short of miraculous. The increase of membership on December 31st last, with eight Departments still to hear from, had reached a total of 46,649, and the work of recruiting is still actively progressing. Up to the present time four new Departments—Oregon, West Virginia, Kentucky and Dakota—have been permanently organized, with the possibility that the number will be further augmented before the meeting of the annual Encampment.

A. Lincoln Camp No. 2, Sons of Veterans, at Leadville, was mustered in Tuesday, March 20th, by Brevet Major-Gen. A. V. Bohn, commanding the Fourth Grand Division, assisted by D. I. Ezekiel, Chief of Staff, F. Miller, A. Q. M., G. A. J. Kavanaugh, Ass't Inspector, General and Comrades J. J. Cook, P. A. Simmons, and A. J. Cohen, of James A. Garfield Post No. 9, G. A. R. Speeches were made by Gen. Bohn, Col. Ezekiel and others, and a royal good time was had. The officers of the new camp, so far as chosen, are: H. M. Burrell, 1st Lieut.; E. G. Simmons, 2d Lieut.; G. L. Hodges, Chaplain; W. W. Crook, Surgeon. Twenty-two men were mustered in, including cadets, and fifteen more will be mustered on the evening of the 30th.

Comrade Frank Hunter, Senior Vice-Commander of A. Lincoln Post, returned home about the middle

of March from a visit of two months, with his wife and daughter, to his old home in New England, which he had not seen for eighteen years. He was in all the New England States, but spent most of his time in Maine and Massachusetts. He is very enthusiastic over the way in which Grand Army affairs are conducted in the East, and especially in the Old Bay State. He gives an interesting account of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home at Chelsea, and describes it as a regular paradise for the decrepit and crippled and financially straitened heroes who are maintained there, of whom there are about 150. The building occupies a commanding position, is elegant in all its appointments, and has besides the usual comforts of an excellent hotel and asylum grounds for recreation surrounding it, and within its walls billiard rooms, a theatre and other pleasant adjuncts. The buildings and grounds are owned and supported by the Grand Army in Massachusetts, and the order is very proud of it. Among the posts which Comrade Hunter visited and addressed was that one at Lynn, which has the largest membership of any post in the United States, being considerably more than 1,000 strong. The comrades of this post were, for the most part, members of the command to which Comrade Hunter belonged during the war, and on the evening during which he attended a post meeting the attendance was over 500. Comrade Hunter says large numbers of Grand Army men from all over New England are coming to the Reunion at Denver with their families.

Good of the Order.

WON IN WAR.

On the evening of Friday, March 9th, 1883, A. Lincoln Post No. 4, of Denver, had one of the most interesting meetings ever held by a Grand Army post anywhere. There was a sentiment about the affair that filled every one in attendance with supreme satisfaction and earnest enjoyment. The occasion was the presentation to the post of a beautiful white silk banner, which bore the name of the post, beautiful pictures of the badge and other befitting emblems. The donor of the elegant gift was comrade Thomas M. Bowen, United States Senator from Colorado, and the presentation speech was made by Hon. Frank Tilford, Colorado State Senator.

At an early hour the membership of the post to the number of nearly three hundred assembled and after some regular business had been disposed of, the doors were thrown open, and comrade J. H. Gardner of

James A. Garfield Post No. 9, came in carrying the banner, accompanied by Senator Tilford and numerous citizens including a large number of Sons of Veterans and members of the Governor's Guard. Comrade Gardner with the banner, and Senator Tilford approached the altar and the latter delivered the following eloquent and thrilling speech, enthraling his hearers with his grand language and the noble style of its delivery.

COMMANDER AND COMRADES OF A. LINCOLN POST
No. 4, DEPARTMENT OF COLORADO:

At the request of a number of the friends of Senator Bowen, whose absence on this occasion all must regret, the welcome duty devolves upon me of presenting to you in his name the magnificent white flag now unfurled for the first time within these walls. It is the emblem of peace—of peace based on national justice, the liberties of the people and the union of the states; of peace which will endure for ages and carry in its

train the arts and sciences, law and order, the graces which adorn, and the virtues which exalt the civilization of a nation.

Your battle flags, rent by shot and saber stroke, may appeal to the pride and awaken the martial ardor of the comrades who have rallied around their starry folds. They tell of the march, the tented field, the siege, and of great battles where thousands have gone down in the wild carnival of death. They are a part of the pageantry of war, and around them we see in imagination the dun clouds which settle over the field of conflict. Beneath these clouds we behold long lines of infantry moving onward like walls of steel and fire. We hear the tramp of cavalry, the clash of arms, and, above the dull roar of battle, the exultant voices of thousands who have stormed the entrenched posts of the enemy, or repelled with shot and shell the assaulting columns of the foe. Scenes like these will stand out on the canvas of the painter, and be chanted in immortal verse to the sounds of martial music.

There is, however, a reverse side to this picture. In it we shall see industries destroyed, commerce prostrate, the smoke of burning cities, altars desecrated, vineyards and fields of waving grain trampled in the dust, homes made desolate, and hearts that will throb no more with hope or joy. War is a cruel teacher, and its lessons, however salutary, are written in blood. Time may heal its wounds, but the scars will remain.

The flag which is now presented to you—spotless emblem of peace, with its field of white, pure and unsullied as the snow that falls from heaven—teaches a different lesson. No shadow dims the glory of the memories which it recalls. It reminds us that the dark and angry waves of civil war have subsided; that the night of a nation's horror has passed away forever, and that for eighteen years the morning light of peace has shone upon the land. It tells us that the triple arch of union, liberty and fraternity extends over a continent, and under it are sheltered in peaceful security, the institutions, hopes and industrial pursuits of fifty million of free and prosperous people.

Let us rejoice that so long as this flag can wave in triumph no element of discord will exist to mar the harmony or arrest the victorious march of the new nation which sprang from the mouldering ruins of the past. One remark more. The ranks from which the Grand Army of the Republic can be recruited are diminishing in number with each revolving year. The day is not far distant when the organization of which you are members will be enrolled with the dead, and the record of it will belong to the realms of history. But the immortal thought, the undying principle which called the Grand Army into being will live on, and its power will be felt throughout all the ages. Cities and states perish, thrones and empires vanish like shadows from the earth, but great thoughts, incorporate with heroic deeds can never die. When the

embattled legions of Christendom, under Charles Martel, confronted the Saracen hordes upon the plains of Tours, every warrior in either host felt the inspiration of the mighty thought that the destinies of Europe then depended on the issue of battle. As the vanquished forces of Islam fled from the conflict and retreated beyond the Pyrenees, the Cross arose in triumph above the Crescent, the future of the Christian church was assured, and Europe rescued forever from Moslem domination.

When in the dawn of the French republic, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the undisciplined soldiers of France, led by the very genius of war, in the person of Dumouriez, drove back from their native land the veteran armies of Austria and Prussia, the civilized world felt that a contest was inaugurated between the rights of the people and the powers of despotism which was destined to continue until the sword and torch of revolution had avenged mankind for the wrongs and persecutions of centuries.

When the citizen soldiers of the American republic rallied under the standard of an imperilled union, no hope of military renown and no vision of conquest allured them from their homes and the peaceful vocations of life. Still they faltered not when the summons came. In serried columns they pressed forward to meet the storm of battle. The motive power which inspired all hearts was the spirit of American nationality. Underlying the feeling of state pride, co-extensive with the boundaries of our common country, and pervading all classes of our population, it survived in the purity and vigor of immortal youth. This spirit sustained our people and armies in the darkest days of civil war, and when at last peace was obtained, consoled them for the sacrifices of life and treasure which they had so lavishly made.

Let us cherish the love and hold with unfaltering hearts to the principle of a grand American nationality as the only basis of prosperity, union and freedom. Let us resolve that for us and our children there shall be one nation, one flag, one destiny.

Frequently through the delivery of these remarks the speaker was interrupted by enthusiastic bursts of applause, and at its close Comrade Commander T. F. Brown of A. Lincoln Post, made the following appropriate response:

SENATOR TILFORD:

On behalf of A. Lincoln Post, No. 4, I accept this beautiful banner, and you will please convey to Comrade Bowen our high appreciation and grateful acceptance of it. We value it more highly, because it proves that his first thoughts were of us when his hour of triumph came, and he was named "Our Senator."

A flag or banner is a symbol of both national power and glory. The citizen honors it; the soldier fights under it; the patriot dies in its defence. But this banner, by the purity of its folds, symbolizes peace—

a peace dearly won, but fully appreciated by us. It is as purely white as the soft, fleecy clouds of a summer sky, and no eyes can look upon it but what they will be able to read as though written in letters of living fire, that grand old anthem given to the world by angels, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men." It is the banner of the Grand Army of the Republic, and as it is unfurled in every state of our union, it will shed the lustre of its purity upon our citizens and drop upon their heads its benediction of peace. You, sir, (to Senator Tilford) who have so admirably fulfilled the mission entrusted to you by Comrade Thomas M. Bowen, we do not feel that you are in any manner a stranger to us, although a stranger to this hall. We recognize in you our champion, when in the senate chamber you introduced senate bill No. 31, and by your untiring zeal in our cause saw it signed and become a law. In doing us this service you have placed us under an obligation we cannot repay, and as a slight acknowledgement of our gratitude to you in remembrance of this occasion, will you please accept this ring? Its intrinsic value is small, but the wealth of gratitude which goes with it may make it valuable to you.

With this Comrade Brown placed upon Senator Tilford's finger a heavy, plain gold ring. His speech had frequently evoked strong applause, but when the jewel was delivered, the cheers and shouts were tumultuous and almost deafening. The ring was handsomely engraved "S. B. (Senate Bill) 31" with the date of its introduction and passage and the words "Presented by A. Lincoln Post, No. 4."

Senator Tilford was then invited to a seat at the right of the post commander and amid Department Commander Comrade E. K. Stimson and staff.

When order had been restored, Comrade Will L. Visscher offered the following preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted.

RESOLUTIONS:

WHEREAS, The coming national encampment and reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Denver will be an affair of extraordinary magnitude and of immeasurable benefit to this city and state, and, will afford an opportunity for the soldiers of the late war to reassemble, and enjoy to the fullest the social and fraternal delights which only such gatherings can bring to those who have such glorious memories to revive as are graven on the hearts of our comrades in the late struggle for the preservation of the Union; and

WHEREAS, The passage by the Fourth Colorado General Assembly of Senate Bill No. 31, appropriating \$21,000 to assist in defraying the expenses of this grand gathering, is a wise, and timely, and generous act; and

WHEREAS, Some expression of the gratitude which we, as members of the Grand Army of the Republic, feel for those who thus exhibited their appreciation of

the services of the saviours of the Republic, when war's sable plume shadowed the land and strong hearts and ready hands became a bulwark between our beloved country and the destruction which assailed it; therefore, be it

Resolved, That A. Lincoln Post, No. 4, Department of Colorado, for and in behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic, hereby extends to Hon. Frank Tilford, Colorado State Senator from Arapahoe county, its warmest and most heartfelt thanks for his gallant work as the father and ever-vigilant champion of Senate Bill No. 31, mentioned in the foregoing preamble; and be it further

Resolved, That the same thanks are hereby extended to those members of the Fourth Colorado General Assembly who so faithfully seconded and assisted Senator Tilford in securing the passage of said bill by supporting and voting for the same; and be it further

Resolved, That every man who wears on his breast the war-earned decoration of the Grand Army, which is the proudest badge that has ever been worn by the champions and victors in a holy and patriotic cause, will remember with profound gratitude the generous exhibition thus made by the Fourth Colorado General Assembly of a desire to assist the old soldiers of the Republic to meet upon the smiling fields of peace, and clasp hands which have not met in fraternal grasp for nearly two decades, and then when they were grimed with the stains of the camp, the march and the battle-field—an exhibition which has given the lie to the saying that "Republics are ungrateful"; and be it further

Resolved, That this preamble and these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Post, and a copy be furnished each member of the Fourth Colorado General Assembly who voted for Senate Bill No. 31.

In response to repeated calls, Rev. David H. Moore, D. D., Chaplain of the Post, rose and made a short speech.

He said he thought in calling on Comrade Moore the Post should have designated his worthy brother and comrade, Colonel William Moore, whom he saw on the other side of the room. He was glad to see to-night that the old orators of Greece and Rome had a worthy successor in this Queen City of the Plains. He was glad to know that the old man eloquent was among them, and that republics were not ungrateful; neither were the Comrades of the Grand Army, who would not soon forget Senator Tilford or the true men who voted with him in favor of Senate Bill No. 31.

General E. K. Stimson was loudly called for. He said that when he was a little child upon his mother's knee he was wont to grasp after the clouds as they floated by. By-and-by as he grew older he was taught the good, old-fashioned rule to be silent before his elders and betters. And here to-night he felt the same way, and thought in the presence of such men as Com-

rades Symmes, Decker and others he would give way.

Judge G. G. Symmes being called on spoke as follows:

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THIS POST:

The poet never said a truer thing than—

"Peace hath her victories
More renowned than war."

I was never more impressed than when Senator Tilford, on behalf of our representative in the United States Senate, presented us with that beautiful little flag. And as I saw that flag I thought of these dark days when the bullets were flying around and sometimes getting under our coat tails. How often we thought in those hours how pleasant it would be to get home to our wives, our mothers, our sisters and our families. I think that the citizens of Athens and Rome never listened to more eloquent words than those we have heard to-night from our distinguished friend, Judge Tilford. I am delighted to be here on this occasion, and still more pleased to see the Commander of our Post place a beautiful ring upon the finger of our eloquent and noble benefactor. I will only say that I hope that when the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic shall be so thinned that only one or two Posts remain, the Sons of Veterans will have as brilliant a prospect for abiding peace as we have to-night.

Judge W. S. Decker said: I do not know what I can add of tribute to our worthy friend, Judge Tilford, or to that flag which he has presented to us to-night. After so much eloquence as we have heard to-night, I think it will be best to make my speech at some other time.

General A. J. Sampson said he would not detain those present with any speech. He would only say this. He saw before him a number of the Sons of Veterans, and he hoped the lesson they had received would sink deep into their hearts.

Hon. George T. Clark was then introduced. He said he was in a strange place; in fact a cat in a strange garret. He never fit nor fought. He was simply a contractor, selling corn to the government at \$9.60 per bushel. But he could say that when the Confederate flag was raised in the streets of Denver he voted to have it pulled down. At the opening of the war he was a Democrat, but his old mother wrote to him and asked him never to desert the flag of the Union, and he had never done so. He was the only Democrat who had ever lived in the State of Missouri who had left there with a good moral character. Loud cries of "Oh now!" and laughter. The men who saved this country, who supported the cause of the Union, would always get his vote, even if there was no one else to vote with him.

General Sampson thought the resolutions adopted should be so amended as to include the names of all

the members of the legislature who voted for the passage of the Grand Army bill.

Comrade McChin moved as another amendment that the names of all who voted against the bill be painted on the walls of the hall. [Great laughter and applause.]

General Brown thought the resolutions were very well as they stood, and the matter was passed over. Mayor Morris was called for, and responded as follows:

"In the presence of so many war-scarred veterans I think silence would better become me than speech. I think speech would be regarded as mutilated currency, and silence as legal tender. I feel somewhat embarrassed at this time, because I am a very new member of this Post, and because, like many other comrades, I had rather charge a battery than deliver a speech. Sometimes we find a Cicero and a Horace combined in one person. Some can both be warriors and orators, but the combination is not frequent. Judge Tilford has alluded to the fact that the time is coming when the comrades of the Grand Army will be known only in history, but the principle they sought to establish endures." Mayor Morris closed his remarks with an eloquent peroration.

Comrade Commander Brown then announced that refreshments would be found in the ante-rooms for those who desired to partake of them, and the exercises then closed, every one leaving deeply impressed with the glorious occasion.

A PLEASANT TALK.

We take pleasure in presenting below the remarks of Comrade H. E. Palmer, of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, Senior Vice-Commander of the Department of Nebraska, at the Las Vegas, New Mexico, "Bean Bake," March 6, 1883. It is instinct with good sense and good feeling, humor and geniality, and breathes a fervent spirit of patriotism and love of the order. Comrade Palmer said:

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY:

When I was "a good little boy" I thought I would see at the circus all there was on the bills. I know better now, in fact I am inclined to sustain Senator Tabor's opinion that these "bills" are a bad lot; knowing my sentiments on this point, it is unnecessary for me to give it out "cold and flat," that although I am on the bills for an address that you will hear nothing of the kind from Comrade Palmer, and that your only redress will be to force either comrades Fitzgerald or Lundy (one of the two I think are responsible for putting my name on the bill) to take my place, and after favoring us with a good story, explain why Comrade Stimson is not here as advertised. It appears as if some one was trying to get up a big circus on paper, but from the past record of these comrades I am disposed to help defend them, if they will vouchsafe

an explanation. For my presence I am indebted probably to the fact that I am from Nebraska, a state pregnant with statesmen unborn and the home of 35,000 ex-soldiers, nearly 10,000 of whom are enrolled in the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic. That if I could not talk there is no such a thing as inspiration. I forgive them. They found me a stranger and took me in—a transaction worthy of a real estate agent.

For my state, Nebraska; for the Grand Army of which I am a proud member for the position my comrades thrust upon me, Senior Vice-Commander, Department of Nebraska; for my chief, Paul Van Der Voort, our National Grand Commander, who has honored me with the appointment as aid on his staff; for the soldiers of the late war, survivors of a grand army, second to none in history—I would like to speak—would like to give full utterance to the sentiments of my heart—would that my tongue could do its whole duty and utter words full of life and food for the soul. I can think, I can feel. I can act, but I can't talk. I have felt the inspiration that I ought to feel here, but it was under different circumstances sitting around a camp fire, built of rails, a December wind moaning through the trees, rough, dusty soldiers lying or sitting about the fire, Tom, Dick or Harry telling a yarn, interrupted occasionally by the shrieking whiz of a solid shot that scattered the limbs of otherwise friendly trees rather promiscuously. 'Twas around these fires, you've been there, boys, where officers and privates met on a level. In commemoration of those interesting moments of our soldier lives we gather here to swap yarns and rake up the coals. Put another rail on the fire. Keep the sacred fire burning. Not as Montezuma worshippers but as custodians of memories' casket, where lie buried the loyal, brave and true, who were our comrades and companions through many a leaden storm. ' was after the battle, boys, that our camp fires were most interesting. We could all talk then. It is now nearly twenty years since those ever memorable events gave inspiration to our thoughts. We are no longer soldiers but citizens of a country we helped to save. Do you citizens of Las Vegas, surviving soldiers of the Grand Army, realize that had we failed in that great struggle, no railroads would have been built across the plains; that the great west would have been an unknown region; that to day the United States would have been *dis-united* and probably each state at war with its neighbor; prosperity and progress sunk in despair and desolation. NO COUNTRY, NO FLAG. Our victory (how proud we are!) cost us hundreds of thousands of lives, brave brothers gone before in whose honor and for the memory of whom—for their cause, our cause—we meet to-night. We are not Grand Army men to keep aloft the bloody shirt or to hoist the black flag of proscription and hate for the brave men who in fighting for

their honest convictions gave us chivalry. We are here to compare notes. What company, regiment, brigade, did you serve in? Did you know Tom Jones, brave fellow, shot through the heart at "Look-Out Mountain?" We are here to keep alive the memory of comrades in battle; of the unburied heroes; to band ourselves together, survivors of a battle for freedom, for law and order, for union of hearts and hands to build up the grandest nation on earth, to extend the hand of friendship and charity to all honorably discharged soldiers, their widows and their orphans, a trust assigned to us in the midst of battle among the dead and dying. "Tom, break the news gently; take care of my children." God bless the soldier, and God bless our efforts to succor the wrecks in distress; just one word for ourselves and I will then join you in a call for an address from the comrade, who, without my permission, billed me for an address. I was in Washington in February and March, 1877. During the electoral count some of the Grand Army feared that the rebel brigadiers might bridle their tongues, and draw their swords to overthrow the government. I was one of the many there to meet them. I had a letter to General Garfield, Congressman from Ohio, just a note of introduction from a dear friend and comrade of his—a brother staff officer, with him on Rosen-cranz' staff—of course this mutual friend had given me a big send off; but the point that seemed to interest the general was that I was an ex-officer and soldier, and now a citizen of Nebraska. He caught me by the right hand with a truly western grip, resting his left on my shoulder in a sort of a "how are you" way, and as he shook my hand he said: "Captain, I am glad to know you; I am proud to meet you, as I am any and all good soldiers who battled for the Union, more particularly as a soldier from the west. Do you know, comrade Palmer, that my heart goes out to those brave boys who returned their blood-stained weapons to the government and went out to battle with poverty and the privations of a pioneer life, to till the soil of western wilds, dig and delve in the mountains, battling wild animals and wild Indians, grasshoppers and cyclones, to give us an empire in the west. God bless those boys. 'Tis there we find the old guard. I hope to live to go west and join them at their camp fire. Keep them burning." Boys, be true to the cause that inspired you to become soldiers of the Union.

THE TRUE TALK.

"Our camp fires shone bright on the mountain," is the opening sentence of that glorious camp song, "Sherman's March to the Sea," and it forcibly reminds me of the visible "camp fires" with which this Department is lighted; the whole line is illumined, the boys are gathering from the East and from

the West to renew the vows of 1861-5, to establish a brotherhood whose "ties are welded in the fire of battle."

Michigan is aroused once more by the sound of the bugle and the drum; the heroes of the war for the Union are being gathered into that haven of true comradeship. The Grand Army of the Republic, an organization which will live forever in the hearts of a free and united people, whose liberties were re-established by this order, and placed upon a sure and enduring foundation. Camp fires are being lighted all along the line, and the pickets are so vigilant that it is almost impossible for an honorably discharged soldier to get past without being again mustered in, and the boys are again happy.

I have not at hand statistics of the increase in posts and membership since the advent of the new administration in January last, but this I can say, if the other sections of the State are keeping pace with the eastern section, then the heart's desire of our commander—that the Department should double its posts and membership during his administration—will certainly be gratified. We are all working to that end, and expect to accomplish it.

But what is the meaning of this unusual activity? Why are the boys rallying to the front as in 1861? There are various reasons. One, and to my mind a strong one, is: This is the "Boys' era; the private has come to the front once more, which—as in the past—means *business*. When the Grand Army recognized the fact that the late private was equally as worthy and competent to fill places of trust as the late officer, it took a grand step in advance, one which will place the organization in the van, and keep it there.

Another, and probably with most of us the reason, is—with advancing years and its consequent debilities, added to the wear and tear of soldier life, comes the yearning for that sympathy which none but the companion of battle, march and camp can give, and which a comparatively non-interested public are too busy to heed.

As we advance toward the other shore we long for the presence of those who with us fought and endured for the country's sake, "for who like soldiers can sympathize with deserving comrades." There is that in the grasp of a comrade's hand which thrills the nerves and sends the blood coursing through the veins, as we recall those scenes of trial and danger which will only pass from the memory when our spirit takes its flight to join our beloved comrades gone before.

Then let the boys come in, gather them all into the ranks once more, leave no honorably discharged soldier behind; all are heroes; pass not even the humblest one by. In the ranks of the Grand Army all are welcome, and when Death's messenger arrives, their graves will be surrounded by comrades wearing the

old familiar blue, and their memory will be kept ever sacred by the survivors.

Comrades all! let us use our utmost endeavors to look up and bring into our ranks every deserving soldier, and make the Grand Army of the Republic the beloved home of every veteran who dared the dangers of the battle-field that this Nation might live.

C. G. HAMPTON.

DETROIT, March 23, 1883.

MISSOURI DEPARTMENT ENCAMPMENT.

At St. Joseph, on the 22d of March, the Second Annual Encampment of the Department of Missouri, Grand Army of the Republic, convened in the hall of Custer Post, Department Commander William Warner presiding. Sixty-three posts were represented by delegates, and following the report of the committee on credentials and its acceptance, F. M. Posegate, mayor of St. Joseph, and a comrade of the G. A. R., on behalf of the city and the members of Custer Post, No. 7, welcomed the Encampment to the hospitality of the city, in an address full of wit and humor, calling forth hearty applause and laughter as each sentence, sparkling with scintillations of wit and ringing with native eloquence as keen as the ring of refined steel, fell from his lips, recalling the thrilling experiences of twenty years ago, both serious and humorous, reminding those present of a time in our history when the soldiers of the Union did not receive a friendly welcome here. He said he was proud of the honor of standing before an audience composed of such material, representing all parts of the State. Nevertheless, the duty assigned him was obviously a superfluous one, for, having taken possession of the hall, how could he do otherwise, for surely he would not be equal to the task of ejecting so resolute a body of men. (Laughter.) It was, indeed, a great pleasure granted him, and he welcomed with the welcome of an old soldier, all soldiers present, in behalf of the citizens of the finest city in the valley of the Missouri. The speaker then sat down amid deafening applause.

Comrade Paul Van Der Voort, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, being present, was introduced, and, replying to the address of the mayor, said he was not surprised to find an old soldier mayor. He found that to be the case in nearly all cities he had visited. He recalled the first encampment of this Department at Kansas City, with only nine posts, and compared it with the present, sixty-six; with his "donation" of six from the State of Kansas, making seventy-two. He continued in his usual happy vein, full of enthusiasm in the work of the order; commended the Department of Missouri; predicted that no Department would show a better condition and rate of increase than this. His address was greeted with great applause.

Comrade William Warner, Department Commander, delivered the following address at the close of the term:

COMRADES:

No other words in our language express so much of man's duty to his fellow, his country and his God as those on which our order rests: "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty."

At this, the Second Annual Encampment of our order in Missouri, we may justly exchange congratulations for our magnificent growth in the year that has passed and the rich harvest that is in store for us in the near future.

When the charter was granted, a year ago, creating Missouri into a Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, there were but nine posts, with an aggregate membership of 596—there being but four posts outside of St. Louis and Kansas City.

June 30, 1882, we reported fourteen posts, with a membership of 777.

This, I confess, was a poor showing for the great State of Missouri. During the three months of April, May and June, I spared no effort to organize new posts and induce old soldiers and sailors to unite themselves with us. There seemed to be a feeling that the organization was, in some way, political in its tendencies. Circulars were distributed throughout our borders, wherein we set forth, in brief, the grand principles upon which our order rests; that while it is true that we propose to stand by those who stood by us in the supreme hour of our country's danger, yet no question of a political or sectarian character could enter a post of the Grand Army of the Republic; that while we maintained, now as in the past, that loyalty is a virtue to be cherished and treason a crime to be abhorred, yet as brave men and true citizens, in a spirit of soldierly fraternity and charity, we clasp hands with those who wore the gray, across the grave of the buried rebellion; that while we cherish the memories of the past, it is not that these memories may be an element of discord, but on the contrary, that they may be "an ever-living influence for good in our hearts."

Where the principles of fraternity and loyalty do most abound, there also will most abound "charity for all and malice toward none." We were right; they were wrong. Now we are all citizens of a reunited country, having a common heritage. The blood-stained laurel we most gladly exchanged for the first violet of the leafless spring of peace.

In thus spreading the principles of our order, we were rewarded. September 30, 1882, we had upon our roster thirty-four posts, with a membership in good standing of 1,334. To-day we have sixty-six posts, numbering in their ranks fully 2,400 old soldiers and sailors—a growth, comrades, of which we may feel justly proud. Yet the good work has but commenced. We have but just thrown out the skir-

nish line. Let us now rally the army of old veterans throughout the length and breadth of our State, so that at the coming National Encampment, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in the Centennial State, Missouri may make a showing second to none. That this result can be accomplished, I know; that it may be accomplished, I hope; that it shall be accomplished only requires the united effort of every comrade. That it should not be accomplished would be a shame. Make your post meetings attractive. Send out your recruiting officers. Let every old soldier and sailor in Missouri know that in the Grand Army of the Republic there are no generals or privates, no distinction of race, but all are comrades; that no question of a political or sectarian character can enter the post; and Missouri will lead the van, in increase and membership, at Denver.

While the increase has been great, it has only kept pace with that throughout the nation. At the National Encampment at Baltimore we numbered but 100,000; now there are at least 160,000 members of the Grand Army of the Republic in the Union, and yet there are hundreds of thousands of old veterans not in our ranks. We have upon our rolls all grades of citizens, from the President of the United States to the humblest veteran in the land. It is to-day the most powerful civic organization in the union. Therefore the necessity that each comrade should be on guard to see that the organization is not used for any improper purpose, and that no deserving comrade, or those that are near and dear to him, be turned empty-handed away from the door of the post.

Let me enjoin upon you the sacred duty of paying the last, sad tokens of love and respect to our comrades, as the grim mustering officer, Death, shall muster them from time to eternity. As you drop the tear of sympathy upon the new-made grave, do not forget, if their necessity require, to drop your mite into the hands of the widow and orphan. At the open grave let us, with averted faces, gently throw the mantle of charity over the faults of the brave defender of the republic, and kindly call to mind his virtues and heroic acts. Let us show to the world that we are comrades, not only in name, but in act and deed; that while the principle of loyalty gave birth to the Grand Army of the Republic, it flourishes and grows in the atmosphere of fraternity and charity.

In conclusion, permit me to return my thanks to the comrades throughout the Department for their uniformly kind and considerate treatment. There are many comrades deserving of special mention for their earnest and efficient work.

Comrades, I wish to return your thanks and mine to the Assistant Adjutant-General, Comrade Pease, for the services he has rendered the order. To him more than any man in the State we are indebted for our present prosperity. I trust you will see that he is, in

part, rewarded for the time he has devoted to the order.

Comrades, let us so live that when we shall have passed that shadowy and invisible line, separating time and eternity, those we leave behind may truthfully say of each one of us—here lies a true citizen and a brave defender of the Republic.

The address was received with tremendous applause.

The election of officers being the next order of business, the following comrades were elected unanimously: William Warner, D. C.; J. S. Sterritt, of St. Joseph, S. V. C.; W. F. Chamberlin, of Hannibal, J. V. C.; G. W. Fitzpatrick, Medical Director; H. C. Weaver, Chaplain. The most perfect harmony prevailed throughout the session. *Custer Post*, No. 7, claiming the delegates as their guests, and having prepared a banquet in their honor, an invitation was extended to all present to partake of a feast at the Saunders House in the evening. At about 3 o'clock a fire broke out in the Saunders House and for a short time created some excitement, but the fire was extinguished with but small loss.

A large amount of detail business was transacted, including the selection of Sedalia as the place of holding the next Annual Encampment. General Van Der Voort then installed the officers elect—closing a most harmonious session.

TO THE WIVES OF VETERANS.

DENVER, COLO., March 22, 1883.

EDITOR GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE:

Your request for "an article" from my pen, with a copy of your splendid magazine, were received with surprise and pleasure. Surprise, that our young city should be able to produce a monthly periodical which would do credit to a New York city publishing house; pleasure, that so soon after entering the field of journalism, my efforts in this direction had called forth the invitation to enter its list of contributors. I am especially gratified at this opportunity of expressing the pleasure I experienced upon seeing the agricultural interests of the State given recognition on the title page of *THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE*. The flocks quietly feeding, and plowmen turning the furrows, while the luxuriant grasses are growing up amid abandoned artillery, and a bird's nest snugly fixed in the mouth of a mortar that once dealt out death and destruction to our country's foes—all symbolically show that the time has indeed come when "swords are beaten into plow shares, and spears into pruning hooks."

What could possibly be more grand or glorious than to hold a regular "jubilee" of the "veterans" in this Centennial State? the State that contains a greater number of desirable qualifications for a permanent residence than any other of the Union; while the story of thirty millions dug out of our old Rockies during 1882

will set Colorado as the greatest number of fortune-hunters the Pike's Peak region has ever known. Ever since I learned we were going to have the National Grand Army encamped in Denver next summer, I have greatly desired an opportunity of saying something which will be of great value to both our visitors and the best good of our industries, it acted upon. It is this:

Let a general and most cordial invitation be issued to veterans to bring with them their wives, mothers, daughters, sisters and sweethearts. Then send a request for the honor of a visit from Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Livermore, and their legion of co-workers, who so ably recorded the labors of our noble patriots in the field. By this course of inviting the lady friends of "veterans," our beautiful city will be spared the shame and humiliation of a scene similar to the "business men's barbecue" of last summer; and, at the same time, greatly add to all true and ennobling pleasures.

What glorious times would be enjoyed if the men who fought under a banner presented by a woman's hand could meet with that woman and recount the experiences of those days of uncertainty and doubt, whether indeed that flag was to wave over a free country. Yes, soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, invite every woman who worked, suffered and prayed in your stead by the fireside, shop or field. Urge her to join you in this grand encampment; accompany you in your excursions up among the eternal snows of the grand old Rocky Mountains, when the heat of our plains becomes uncomfortable; and let her be your companion as you form jack parties for fishing trips to retired nooks where only the little, sure-footed burro can safely carry you.

I am particularly pleased to know that a woman's auxiliary society has been organized in Denver, and I hope they will feel a pride as well as a pleasure in doing all in their power to secure the attendance of a large number of members of sister societies, from every State where auxiliaries exist. The good which will surely come from an effort in this direction will be incalculable, if a systematic correspondence is commenced immediately. A dear and only brother of mine enlisted when only eighteen years of age, and was with General Butler at the taking of New Orleans. He received one of the most severe wounds ever recovered from, at Port Hudson, and now I am looking to meet him next summer, when he can "fight his battles o'er again"; but I want to have him bring his good wife, too, so that together they may drink in our pure air, enjoy the many wonders of our glorious Centennial State, and decide to spend the rest of their days within the shadows of our mountains, which are Nature's deposit of inexhaustible treasures, to be had for the digging. I shall take particular pains to show my brother about among our agricultural friends, and astonish him with the fine fruits and mammoth vegetables, as well as the remarkable prices realized for all products of the soil. Yes, invite whole families to come, and then let us who are "at home" to them all, make it our business to show the many inducements we can offer to actual settlers.

OLIVE WRIGHT.

* Roster. *

NATIONAL STAFF.

Paul Van Der Voort, Commander-in-Chief; Gen. W. E. W. Ross, Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, Baltimore, Md.; Gen. Isaac S. Bangs, Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, Waterville, Maine; Azel Ames, Surgeon General, Boston, Mass.; I. M. Foster, Chaplain-in-Chief, New York.

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— Linehan, Commander, Fisherville; Natt. Shackford, A. A. G., Lake Village.

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MASSACHUSETTS.

George S. Evans, Commander; A. C. Monroe, A. A. G., Boston.

RHODE ISLAND.

Philip S. Chase, Commander; W. J. Bradford, A. A. G., P. O. Box 319, Providence.

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T. H. Dodd Post	" 3	Geo. K. Kimball.
		L. D. Phillips.
A. Lincoln Post	" 4	Halsey M. Rhoads.
		W. H. Conley.
		Thos. Mulqueen.
		E. B. Sopris.
N. Lyon Post	" 5	Leonidas Smith.
McPherson Post	" 6	Amos Millice.
Geo. H. Thomas Post	" 7	Geo. L. Courtney.
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Jas. A. Garfield Post	" 9	Geo. W. Cook.
		W. H. Gardner.
Greenwood Post	" 10	J. J. Phelps.
Torbert Post	" 11	W. C. Gibbons.
Poudre Valley Post	" 13	C. A. White.
Dick Yates Post	" 14	J. W. Brown.
A. E. Burnside Post	" 15	David L. Miller.
Joe Hooker Post	" 16	Frank A. Tuttle.
Gunnison Post	" 17	W. H. Sanborn.
Joe Hutchinson Post	" 18	H. A. E. Pickard.
Phil Kearney Post	" 19	Chas. Sanders.
Ellsworth Post	" 20	Harper M. Orahoad.
Las Vegas Post	" 21	H. J. Franklin.
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[Adjutants of Posts will confer a favor by reporting to the editor of this publication any mistakes or omissions in the names of Post officers.]

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T. H. DODD POST No. 3.

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Encampment. Alternate, D. K. Lee. Meeting nights, second and fourth Thursdays.

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JOE HOOKER POST No. 16.

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C.; D. S. Smith, Tenth Iowa, J. V. C.; C. W. Brooks, First Minnesota, Chaplain; W. S. Camp, First Kansas, Surgeon; J. M. Miller, Fifteenth Iowa, Q. M.; L. P. Kyger, One Hundred and Eighteenth Indiana, O. G.; J. McEnry, Seventeenth Wisconsin, O. D.; G. Kistingbury, Thirty-Seventh Wisconsin, Adjutant. Meeting nights, second and fourth Saturdays.

JOE HUTCHINSON POST No. 18.

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LAS VEGAS POST No. 21.

Las Vegas, New Mexico—J. J. Fitzgerrell, P. C.; H. J. Franklin, S. V. C.; A. H. McCormick, J. V. C.;

Orlando Smith, Q. M.; J. W. Barney, Surgeon; Ed. W. Freeman, Chaplain; C. H. Whittlesey, O. D.; Henry Perry, O. G.; J. B. Means, Adjutant; J. W. Reinhold, J. B. Means, Frank Carr, J. Parker, A. P. Crawford, Trustees. Meeting nights, first and third Tuesdays.

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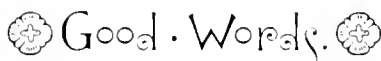
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Denver, Colorado. C. C. Corvett, Captain; W. C. Bliss, First Lieutenant; Ralph Voorhees, Second-Lieutenant;

Charles H. Adams, Orderly Sergeant; A. W. Fenner, Quartermaster Sergeant; F. H. Brown, Ordnance Sergeant; C. C. Lathrop, Surgeon; Edward A. Caine, Chaplain; M. L. Paddock, Colonel Commanding Division of Colorado. Meeting nights, every Wednesday.

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Leadville, Colorado—H. M. Burrill, First-Lieutenant; E. G. Simmons, Second-Lieutenant; G. L. Hodges, Chaplain; W. W. Crook, Surgeon. Meeting nights, every Friday.



SINCE the first number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE was published in January, 1883, kind, complimentary, flattering, and encouraging notices of it have come by hundreds from the press of every State and Territory in the Union, and many people of the highest literary circles have sent warm congratulatory letters to the editor. Following are a few extracts from the thousands of press notices received. They are taken at random, and are herewith given to show the general tenor of comment:

A CREDIT TO DENVER.

SUCH IS "THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE," AS SHOWN BY ITS FEBRUARY NUMBER.

The February number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE has just been issued and is if anything superior to the January number. Typographically it is a model of excellence, being fully equal in this respect to the best work of the New York publishing houses. The contents are varied and interesting and gotten up in a manner which sustains the literary reputation of its talented editor, Colonel Will Visscher. The contents are as follows:

General Grant passing the Golden Gate, frontispiece; Grant's Return, Will Visscher, The Pathfinders in the Grand Canon, E. K. Stimson; L'Elegie, The Story of a Flirtation, A Kaufmann; The Art of Conversation, John C. Moore; The Swords Were Thirty-seven, Miles O'Reilly; John Smith; Shoshone Falls, Snake River, Idaho; The Sons of Veterans; Stronger Than Love, A Story of the War, Chapter II, D. W. Moulton; Camping Alone, M. Harbert; Painting in Denver, J. Harrison Mills; Green Russell, the Gold Finder, Fat Contributor; Mount of the Holy Cross, Will Visscher; Bygones of the Old Army, George C. Bates; Only a Soldier, "Erick" Pomroy; Abraham Lincoln the Christian, Ambrose S. Everett; A M. M. D.; A Firelight Fantasia, Willie E. Fabor; Made Other Arrangements; Two Sonnets, Stanley Wood; The Battle of Guntown, J. J. Fitzgerald; Death, J. B. Porrmann; Notes and Notions; Encampment Proceedings (official report); A Lost Opportunity, Hard Tack; Illustrations; Good of the Order; Publications; Roster of the Department of Colorado.

The opening article, Grant's Return, is a poetical effort of the editor of more than ordinary merit, descriptive of an ovation to Grant after his return from around the world. In the Pathfinders of the Grand Canon a highly interesting account of the survey of the Grand Canon, with attending difficulties, is given. The Story of a Flirtation maintains its interest. The Art of Conversation is an essay on this subject which will bear perusal with profit to most. J. Harrison Mills gives a very good essay on Painting in this city, in which he points out the natural advantages of Denver as an art center. In the biography of Green Russell an interesting chapter is added to the early history of Colorado. "Mount of the Holy Cross," "A Firelight Fantasia," and "Evanescence," by Will Visscher, W. E. Fabor and Stanley Wood, respectively, are well worth preserving. The illustrations are excellent.

The magazine is full up of interesting and instructive reading matter from cover to cover, and is really a credit to Denver. The excellence of the typographical work is particularly striking and is a proof of the metropolitan character of Denver. Outside of the very few large cities of the country

such work could not be procured, and outside of the *News* job room, where this was printed, it could not be done in Denver. *Denver News*.

NO. 1, of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, a new publication, conducted by the Grand Army Magazine Co., of Denver, has been received. It devotes considerable space to the Grand Army organization, and is filled with good things from the pens of some of our most able western writers, and still better are foretold for the future. The versatile talent of Will Visscher is a prominent feature in its pages, which alone will always make it a welcome visitor to our sanctum. As a literary venture it is an assured success, and we hope it will prove the same financially. Long may it live!—*Georgetown (Colo.) Courier*.

COLORADO'S FIRST MAGAZINE.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, the second number of which lays upon our table—is a creditable publication for any country. Its writers appear to be Colorado people, and its topics western. It was a similar feature that made the *Oregonian Monthly* a success on the Pacific slope in an early day. The *Oregonian* treated of western scenes, and portrayed western life and customs. A new class of authors with new styles of writing came to the front, prominent among whom were Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, and the whole country took to the *Oregonian Monthly* as a new departure in literature. Colorado has the elements requisite for a western magazine, and if properly encouraged THE GRAND ARMY will succeed. Its February number, now before us, has a list of new authors, so far as magazine writing is concerned—prominent among whom are Will Visscher, E. K. Stimson, George C. Bates, W. E. Fabor, L. W. Cutler (Fat Contributor), John C. Moore, A. Kaufmann, Stanley Wood, J. Harrison Mills, D. W. Moulton, Ambrose S. Everett, and many more.—*Denver Journal of Commerce*.

We have received the first number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published at Denver by "THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE COMPANY," of which Will E. Visscher is secretary. Its table of contents comprises a real feast, gathered from the fields of history, poetry and fiction. General E. K. Stimson leads off with a tersely written but comprehensive history of the organization known as the "Grand Army of the Republic," and is followed by Mr. Visscher with an article on "The National Encampment," which is to be held in Denver in August next. The magazine contains seventy-two pages, and the gifted hand and pen of Visscher grace it from first page to last. There is a wide field for the magazine. Grand Army posts are now organized and flourishing in hundreds of vil-

lages, towns and cities. As a society it has great strength. The members are enthusiastic and united for a common purpose, and as this magazine is devoted exclusively to the advancement of their organization, they will certainly liberally sustain it. There is certainly no reason why it should not have an immense circulation at once.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Journal*.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published in Denver, is a credit to the journalism of the State. For the regard we have for this country—the land of our choice—we shall keep the copies of this work for a bound volume and for future reference.—*Queen Bee, Denver*.

The February number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE has made its appearance and maintains the excellent reputation this publication established for itself by its first number. This magazine is a credit to the noble order to whose interests it is devoted, and it is no mean honor to Colorado to have given birth to it.—*Denver Republican*.

The rapid growth of the country is shown in a marked manner by the appearance of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, an illustrated monthly of nearly one hundred pages. It is published at Denver, Col., a city which had not been born when "the veterans of the Republic," for whom the magazine is issued were showing their patriotism on the march, in the field, around the bivouac, or in the hospital.—*Chicago News*.

The first number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published monthly, in Denver, and edited by Will L. Visscher, has been received at this office. It is a very handsome specimen of artistic printing, and is adorned by several very beautiful full page engravings. And though its name shows it to be devoted to the interests of the Grand Army organization, its contents entitle it to a high place in the magazine world. Between its covers there is not a dull line, and the various articles possess the highest literary finish. The spirit of the management appears in an exceptionally clever essay on the poetry of the great rebellion. It quotes a number of the finest poems of the war, both Northern and Southern, and indicates an entire absence of partisan feeling, that should make THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE popular among all those who wore either the blue or the gray.—*Durango (Colo.) Southwest*.

The initial number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic of this State, at Denver, is on our table. It is handsomely printed, and filled to repletion with contributions from soldiers in the late rebellion. Among the contributions we notice one, "Poetry of the War," from the pen of Col. John C. Moore, who was a gallant soldier, on the Confederate side. The production is such as might be expected from so gifted a writer as Col. Moore. Will L. Visscher, who has charge of the editorial management of the magazine is one of the best writers in the State, and will, we feel assured, make the magazine a periodical worthy the literary taste of the grand State in which it is published. The magazine is published monthly, and should be introduced in every family in the State. Terms of subscription, \$3 per year. Address: Grand Army Magazine Co., Windsor Hotel, Denver.—*West Mountain (Colo.) Tribune*.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE is issued from Denver, Colorado, and is a credit to that enterprising city and the gentlemen having the publication in charge. We recognize the hand of that versatile journalistic genius, Will Visscher—who once wielded a pen on the *Post*—in the description of "Grant's Return" after his trip around the world. All of the selections are first-class, and the veterans of the republic have in this periodical an organ of which they may well be proud.—*San Francisco Post*.

The February number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE is before us, and fully sustains the promises made in the initial issue. The contents embrace a variety of subjects, all interesting. Its illustrations are excellent and its typography clear and clean. Taken all in all, THE GRAND ARMY is a model publication, and will compare with any in the country.—*Denver World*.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published in Denver, Colo., commenced in January, issues a fine number for February. It has a list of excellent contributors. Its articles are partly reminiscent of the war, descriptive of proceedings of the Grand Army, giving picturesque sketches of portions of the country, with well written short stories and literary miscellany. The work is handsomely illustrated. \$3 a year.—*Zion's Herald, Boston*.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

G. A. R. MAGAZINE.

The western town is proverbially prolific in newspapers. It will support two or three dailies and as many weeklies, where a similar population in the east would content itself with one weekly, and a patent outside at that. But magazines are a slower growth, and the development of an older civilization, and we have awaited with expectancy the magazine of the New West, which should be established at the capital with a reasonable prospect of success. We have just received the February number, the second issue, of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published at Denver, and devoted to the veterans of the republic and their sons, which comes in fulfillment of the expectation. We had not projected the Colorado magazine as having a specific purpose, but are assured it will be to its best interest that it is so edited. There are three great magazines in this country and which draw to themselves a goodly roll of subscribers from other lands, that have the accumulative art, wealth and culture of the age to make them nearly faultless. It would be difficult to wean the people of any section from their allegiance to one or more of the three, which are household friends in the homes of America, and we are glad that the Denver magazine has taken a "new departure" for itself in becoming spokesman for the men who spoke with their swords, preserving the honored roll of the names and deeds of soldiers, and keeping green in the memory of the nation the cause and its defenders. Though this is the initial purpose of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, and in its pages are war records, post directories, encampment reports, etc., it wisely finds room for many contributions of general interest, and we are glad to see that some of them are distinctively and characteristically western, notably E. K. Stimson's "Pathfinders in the Grand Canon," Mr. Will Visscher's poem, "Mount of the Holy Cross," and J. Harrison Mills' "Painting in Denver," which the legionary decorators in the State should read and lay to heart.—*Colorado Springs Republic*.

We have received a copy of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published at Denver, Colorado, and devoted to the Veterans of the Republic and their sons. It is a monthly magazine, illustrated, neatly printed and carefully edited. The table of contents of the February number will interest any veteran soldier, and, in fact, any citizen who is at all interested in recalling the memories of the great rebellion. The Grand Army of the Republic and Sons of Veterans have each a space set apart for matters of interest to those organizations, questions of importance to surviving veterans are discussed, and there is also a generous selection of miscellany which renders the magazine a welcome guest to every member of any family to which it comes. We greet this new accession to the ranks of soldierly publications with heartiness, and sincerely hope it may be ably supported. Terms of subscription \$3.00 a year in advance. Address: Grand Army Magazine Company, Denver, Colorado.—*Manchester (N. H.) Weekly Times*.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published at Denver, Colo., comes to our table. It is devoted to the interests of the veterans of the army of the Republic, in the first place, but it has much artistic and literary merit to commend it to old soldiers as well as to the general public. It is also a fine index of the growth of the queen city of the Rocky Mountains, which had scarcely begun its existence when the battles of the Republic were being fought, but which now sits fair and stately at the foot of her snow clad mountain peaks.—*Streator (Ill.) Free Press*.

We have received the February number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published at Denver, Colo., which on examination we find a number of sterling worth. It is a handsome monthly devoted to the veterans of the Republic and their sons, illustrated, finely printed, and conducted with ability. We observe that an old friend, V. M. Came, is the treasurer of the company that publish the magazine, which is a guarantee that it is on a sound financial basis. THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE has our best wishes.—*Woburn (Mass.) Journal*.

We have received from the publishers the first number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, a publication devoted to the veterans of the Republic. It is an elegantly illustrated journal of seventy-two pages, well filled with interesting and well written military articles, including essays, biography, incidents of the rebellion, poetry, etc. It is altogether an original work, valuable to those who wore either the "blue" or the "gray" during the late civil war, and reflects credit upon its projectors and publishers, THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE COMPANY, Denver, Colo. Terms \$3 per annum in advance. Every soldier who is able should be a subscriber.—*Valley Chronicle, St. Charles, Ill.*

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, the initial number of which appeared last month, is a periodical devoted to the interests of the Veterans of the Republic and their sons. It is published at Denver, Colorado, in which city the National Encampment will be held next August, by a company of which Comrade E. K. Stimson, Department Commander of Colorado, is president, Comrade V. M. Cane, treasurer, and Comrade Will L. Visscher, secretary. The magazine starts out under the brightest auspices, the loftiest promise, and has already made, by the excellence of its first issue, a capital impression. Its appearance is attractive, the cover is presenting several stirring war scenes, figures of a soldier and sailor, and emblems of the Order; its contents possess high literary merit, its articles being judicious and readable, and its pages are enlivened by artistic illustrations. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Elizabeth Thompson's painting, "Missing," and represents two soldiers—one mounted, the other at his saddle-grirth, gazing dejectedly over a barren expanse of country. The first article, by Comrade Stimson, gives an insight into the nature, aims and objects of the G. A. R., and this is followed by a poem—"Tempora Mutantur"—by Otto mar H. Rothacker. Next comes a sketch of Commander-in-Chief Paul Van Der Voort, supplemented by his portrait, both of which appeared in the *National Tribune* last fall. Credit is gracefully given in an introductory paragraph. Then follow, "The National Encampment," "Colorado," "Three Stanzas," and a number of other articles, by Will L. Visscher; "The 15th of August," a translation from the French, by Edith H. Harrison; "The Lily's Jersey Home," by Briton; "Mon Brave," a poem by Stanley Wood; the first chapter of a story entitled "Stronger Than Love," by D. W. Moulton; "Suicides," by E. H. H.; "Fashion," by Chloe; "Music in Denver," Profens; "A Remembrance of Early Days," Fat Contributor; "Charles Briot," Albion; "The Orphan Soldier's Mite," a poem, J. W. Crawford; "Poetry of the War," John C. Moore; editorial paragraphs under the head of "Sparks," "Notes and Notions," and "Dramatic and Musical," and also much interesting news from a number of Posts. The magazine contains eighty pages of reading matter, and will be sent for \$3 per year, or 25 cents for a single number.—*National Tribune*, Washington.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, a new publication at Denver, Colo., is the best periodical which we have yet seen, which is published in the interests of the soldiers of the late war. The stories of soldier life will carry the minds of the Grand Army boys back to those stirring times which made heroes and history never to be forgotten.—*Marblehead (Mass.) Statesman*.

VOLUME I, NO. 1, OF THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, lays upon our table. It is published at Denver, Colo., by THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY, is devoted to the old soldiers of the Union army and their sons. Will L. Visscher is the editor. The eighty pages which the book now before us contains are well filled with entertaining reading and illustrations, bearing on topics very interesting to those who marched through rain and mud and bivouacked around the camp fire twenty years ago. The subscription price is only three dollars a year. Address GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, Denver, Colo.—*Rawlins (Wyo.) Journal*.

We have before us Number 1, Volume I, of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published in Denver under the auspices of the officers of the Department of Colorado, Grand Army of the Republic. This new monthly starts out finely and should receive the hearty support of comrades everywhere. It contains sixty-four pages of matter of peculiar interest to the veterans of the late war, as it is devoted to the veterans of the Republic and their sons. The subscription price is three dollars per year. Subscribe for it by all means.—*Golden (Colo.) Transcript*.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE is conducted by a stock company of ample capital. The stock is fully paid up and non-assessable, and the publication will be improved with each succeeding issue. The July number, which will be supplied to the thousands in attendance upon the National Encampment and Reunion to be held in Denver, beginning that month, will be an extraordinarily large and brilliant one, and 75,000 copies of it will be printed, sold and distributed. The special attention of advertisers is called to this fact, and their favors solicited. Copy for advertisements should be sent in early in June or before.

Address,

GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO.,

Denver, Colo.

E. K. STIMSON, *President*,

V. M. CANE, *Treasurer*,

WILL L. VISSCHER, *Secretary*.

The initial number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, devoted to the interests of the Grand Army of the Republic, is at hand. The number before us contains a history of the order, a biographical sketch of Paul Van Der Voort, commander-in-chief of the order, and a great deal of interesting prose and verse. One of the most valuable articles to the general reader is that on the "Poetry of the War," in which are contained a number of fugitive war lyrics, which are not readily obtainable elsewhere. Published by the GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE company, Denver.—*Leadville Herald*.

THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE is a new candidate for popular favor, and is especially devoted to the interests of veterans of the republic and their sons. It is rich in reminiscence and has real literary merit. Its illustrations are good, its selection of general articles, stories, poems, etc., prove that a soldier editor "sets the feast" and knows the fare that soldiers want. Its publishers are the GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE COMPANY, Windsor Hotel, Denver, Colorado, and its terms of subscription (the numbers being published monthly) are \$3 per year.—*The Evening Wisconsin, Milwaukee*.

We have just received the February number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published by the Grand Army Magazine Publishing Company, at Denver, Colorado. It is a neatly gotten up monthly, devoted to the veterans of the republic, and will undoubtedly receive a warm welcome from the old soldiers.—*Mansfield (Ohio) Shield and Banner*.

VOLUME I, NO. 2, OF THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, devoted to the veterans of the republic and their sons, contains an interesting table of contents. It is a handsome publication and should be well patronized by the Grand Army. Price \$3 a year; single copies, 25 cents. Address, Grand Army Magazine Co., Denver, Col.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily Commercial*.

We acknowledge the receipt of the February number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, published at Denver, Colo. It is an elegant work, finely printed, contains 138 pages, and is embellished with many engravings. In addition to army matters the magazine contains a number of articles on various matters, such as the "Pathfinders in the Grand Canon," "Shoshone Falls," "Painting in Denver," "Green Russell, the Gold Finder," and many others. The official report of army encampment is in the work, and many articles of interest to soldiers. Price \$3 per year.—*Alpina (Mich.) Argus*.

We have received a copy of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, devoted to the veterans of the Republic and their sons, published at Denver, Colo. It is the newest publication of the kind we have yet seen, and is something that every old soldier should have. Subscription \$3 a year. Address GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE COMPANY, Denver, Colo.—*Beloit (Wis.) Courier*.

The first number of THE GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE, a new publication issued by the G. A. R. of Denver, has been received. It is filled with spicy, well written articles, humorous squibs and poetical gems. The typography and general make-up is very creditable. Will Visscher, the well known humorist, is the editor. It is finely illustrated by the Moss Engraving Company, of New York. Terms \$3.00 a year. Address GRAND ARMY MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Denver.—*Chaffee County Times*.

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PROCLAMATION.

In the yeare of our Lord, 1883, January ye 1st, Amen.

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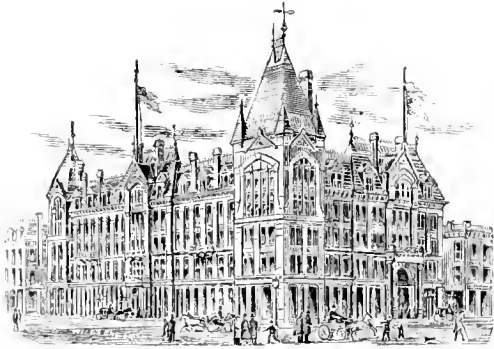
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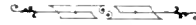
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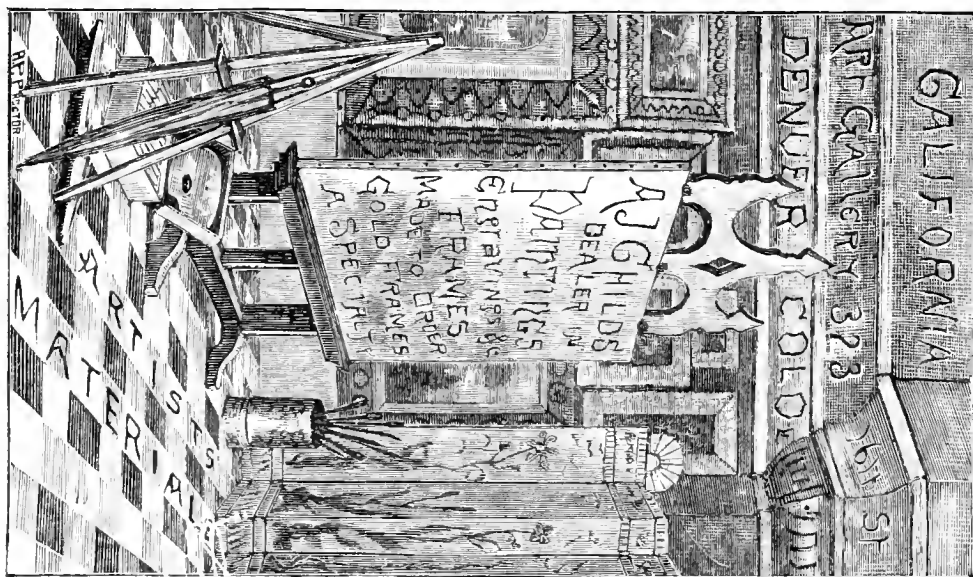
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